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ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND ITALY.

THE semi-official papers of France find food for much angry comment in that part of the QUEEN'S Speech which treated of Italian affairs. What business, they ask, has England to hint that, if France chooses to keep her troops at Rome, Italy will have a good ground to complain? England, they say, takes up the cause of Italy on paper, but is not at all likely to take it up in any more serious way. And we must acknowledge that there was some ground for the friends and dependents of the French Government to complain of what appeared to be something like fault-finding with France; while, on the other hand, we in England are so thoroughly ashamed of talking big and then acting shabbily in Continental affairs that we regret that we should appear to be once more sliding into our old mistake. There is something inconsistent in telling the history of what has just taken place under the September Convention, as if that Convention were purely a matter of concern to France and Italy alone, and then hinting that France ought not to be too hard on Italy. The fault, however, lay in placing these words in the QUEEN'S Speech, for the course which the Ministry have adopted towards Italy is one that leaves them free from blame. They have, in fact, been much more friendly to Italy than might have been expected from their antecedents, and they never paid the Liberal party a greater compliment than by adopting silently, and as a matter of course, the Liberal prepossession in favour of Italy against which Mr. DISRAELI declaimed so bitterly not very long ago. Having been invited by France to express some sort of opinion on the recent expedition, they have cheerfully aided Italy by rendering her the good offices she asked for from them. Lord STANLEY, therefore, did not go out of his way in saying to the French Government that the English public viewed this new occupation of Rome with great regret. This does not in itself mean much, for the EMPEROR himself says that he regrets as much as any one that he has been obliged to send his troops to Rome. But it may be taken as an indication of the position which England intends to assume in the discussion of the Roman question. The only ground on which England can admit that she has anything to do with the Papal Power is, that she sees a very serious danger to the European community—and to herself more, perhaps, than to some other of the leading Powers—if the temporal power is to serve as a perpetual excuse for throwing large bodies of French soldiers into the middle of Italy. The Papal territory is to France what the Quadrilateral was to Austria—a means of intruding into Italian territory, and holding Italy in check by the possession of a strong position in her midst. England never thought of fighting Austria in order to turn her out of Venetia, and England certainly will not fight France in order to keep her out of Rome; but whenever a proper occasion arises for her saying what she thinks, she may most properly express regret that Italy is thus threatened by neighbours too powerful for her. That the despatch of French troops to Rome leads almost inevitably to a covert attack on Italy is shown conclusively by what is going on now. The EMPEROR may be very anxious to recall his troops, but they not only stay on, but continue to occupy one town after another, until they are close to the Italian border. This cannot be very pleasing to the Italians, and could hardly fail to create a misunderstanding with Victor EMANUEL, were it not that there must be two parties to a quarrel, and that the King of ITALY is determined not to quarrel with France.

In the debate on the Address, the most various opinions were expressed on the present position of the affairs of Rome. More especially there was a great divergence of view as to the sentiments and wishes of the population. According to Mr. MAGUIRE, the inhabitants of the Roman territory adore the Pope and his Government, and like of all things to be under the rule of priests. Lord HOUGHTON takes a more

moderate line, and thinks that recent events have shown that the inhabitants of Rome itself are very fairly satisfied with their lot, that the dwellers in the remoter parts of the POPE'S dominions are not at all keen for annexation to Italy, and that the Italians are becoming indifferent to Rome. To all this Lord STANLEY quietly replied that, however fond the POPE'S subjects might be of him, he was not aware that the POPE would be willing to refer to a popular vote the question whether the temporal power should continue. What the real disposition of the POPE'S subjects may be no one can be sure. The POPE and his Government have had their own way in the present Papal territories for a great many years, and they have sent out of the country all the persons known to be most active and energetic. The feeble remnant has naturally become depressed, and has suffered so much that it has heart for nothing but sticking by the winning side. In the city of Rome the population may very likely be anxious that the POPE should stay among them, for most of them live by foreigners, and the foreigners come to see the arts and the magnificence of Catholic Rome. It is clear that we cannot take up the Roman question from the point of view that there is an enslaved population longing to be free of which we ought to make ourselves the champions. We doubt very much whether there is more genuine disaffection to the POPE in his dominions than there is to the Queen of SPAIN in her dominions. Nor, again, is there any use in trying to argue that the POPE would be better off if he had only a spiritual power, and that the temporal power is a clog and obstruction to his real and proper influence. Surely the POPE must be supposed to know his own business best, and he and all those who are most anxious for his interests concur in thinking that he is more independent, and, what is of equal importance, is thought to be more independent, because he has a slice of the earth's soil as his own, and is treated as a sovereign, and has a recognised political existence. A far better ground for our interfering, so far as mere argument goes, is that we do not in the least believe in him and his religion; and just as he and his supporters defend the temporal power in order to promote spiritual truth, so we may try to prevent his ruling over his present subjects because we wish to put down what we believe to be spiritual falsehood. The objection to this mode of treating the subject is, that it embarks us on the dangerous sea of religious wars, and commits us to the hazardous task of having to beat the whole Catholic world, except Italy, in arms.

We must reject, therefore, every ground of interference but one, and must proclaim that if we take notice in Parliament of the Roman question, or attend a Conference that is to deal with it, we do so on a purely secular ground alone. We do not like to think that France should have a Quadrilateral of her own in the heart of Italy. This is the line which the Ministry has taken, and it deserves credit for having taken it so clearly and decisively, although the wording of the QUEEN'S Speech was injudicious, because it is needlessly offensive to France. The French Government appears to be a little sore that England did not pay it the compliment of noticing in the formal document the proposal for a Conference; but it would have been a fresh mistake to have balanced the harsh language about the withdrawal of the French troops by a few sweet words on the possibility of a Conference. The explanations that must have ensued would have speedily taken all value out of the compliment. So far as words went, nothing that the EMPEROR could have desired to be said in England could have surpassed what Lord DERBY said when he declared that the English Government would have been delighted to accept the proposal for a Conference were it only to show its sense of the cordiality and goodwill with which the EMPEROR has always treated England. But it was impossible to go into a Conference blindly. It must be shown that the Conference is accepted by the Powers principally concerned, and

that it has a definite basis for its discussions. The latter condition is perfectly reasonable. Unless the EMPEROR can make up his mind to have a policy, it is impossible that other people can decide whether his policy is good or bad. He must let it be understood what kind of arrangement he would be willing to substitute for the September Convention. If he likes he can keep things as they are, with the clerical party gloating over the wonders done by the Chassepot, with the POPE defying every effort of France to introduce a better system of government, with Italy in a fury of suppressed indignation, with BISMARCK waiting for his chance, with England uneasy at the danger with which Italy is threatened, and with the democratic party in Europe ripening daily and hourly into revolution. This state of things, with the favour of the priests to be put on the other side, and with the hope that a policy of waiting may lead to unexpected good luck, the EMPEROR can preserve for the present, by simply trusting to inaction, and by letting the project of a Conference die away. But if a change is to be made—if, as is evidently the case, the EMPEROR is not satisfied with things as they are—he must indicate what the change is that he proposes; and if the change he proposes seems in any way likely to lead to good results, then the English Government need not be too scrupulous, but may attend the Conference in the hope of doing some good, and of upholding the national policy which lies in seeking to relieve Italy from the presence of foreign troops.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

THE Ministerial explanations are satisfactory so far as they show that there was no intention to act independently of Parliament, that the Government even now regard the expedition as a most unfortunate necessity, and that they absolutely disclaim all wish to occupy permanently a single acre of Abyssinian ground. Whether they were right or not in deciding on sending an expedition to Abyssinia, they at any rate acted for the best, and have taken the utmost pains to secure the efficiency and success of the expedition they have sent. Neither Parliament nor any one else can alter what has happened. We are in for an Abyssinian expedition, be it wise or foolish, costly or cheap, possible or impossible. We must go through with it, and do the best we can, whether we have to spend three millions or thirty, and to lose a thousand or a hundred thousand soldiers. What, however, is really important is to ascertain on what principles we are supposed to be undertaking this Abyssinian expedition. Is it because British subjects are in captivity; or because the representatives of the QUEEN have been maltreated, and her demands set at naught? Or is it because, if we did not go to Abyssinia, our prestige would be diminished? All these reasons appear to have weighed with the Ministry, but they deserve to be most attentively considered for our guidance in future difficulties. If Englishmen will go to wild countries, are we bound to get them out of the scrapes into which they get themselves? Traders and travellers say that we ought to do this; we ought to let it be understood that, if the hair of an Englishman's head is touched, the vengeance of England will be felt in the most remote and secluded corner of the earth. In this way commercial men can go safely where they like, get ivory very cheap, and scientific men can find out watersheds and water-basins, and hunting men can shoot the most wonderful animals in the most wonderful way. Those who think that this is a good deal for England to attempt say that the mere ordinary traveller may be left to his fate, but that officials and representatives of the QUEEN ought always to be supported; that we cannot overlook insults to our Consuls; and that, if we send an Ambassador out, we ought in all cases to see him safe home again. To this there is the obvious reply that we ought not to send Ambassadors or keep Consuls where we cannot protect them, and that we should only hold official relations with nations which are either civilized enough to respect our envoys, or which we can get at easily, and punish severely if our representatives do not receive proper treatment. Lastly, it is said that the real test of whether we ought to undertake expeditions like that to Abyssinia is whether our prestige is likely to suffer. Prestige, says SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, is the basis of power, just as credit is the basis of wealth, and we must keep up our prestige at all hazards. This is a plausible, but a dangerous, theory. If we are to resent any act in any part of the world that some person thinks hurts our prestige, we shall be always at war. We cannot be for ever considering the remote consequences of our actions, and the impressions we produce, or are said to produce, on various barbarous nations at the other end of the globe. Our prestige ought

to rest on the fact that, where we make up our minds to fight, we do not act on the assumption that we must fight merely because hotheaded people think we are bound to do so. By undertaking such expeditions as this to Abyssinia, we certainly lower our prestige as much as we raise it, for it shows that we are liable to have our forces called away to the most distant and useless enterprises, and that our money may be expended in humbling a savage. The reasons urged for the Abyssinian Expedition show that, even if it is not a mistake, it owes its origin to a mistake. To regard it as a duty of England to protect English travellers everywhere, is to accept a task which the country cannot possibly fulfil. To regard the expedition as necessary to keep up our prestige is to enter on a still more dangerous and doubtful field, for it involves the theory that we will undertake to control the opinions of every nation that likes to begin calculating how strong we are. The justification of the expedition which remains is that we had chosen to take the matter up diplomatically. We had entered into official relations with this savage. We had used the QUEEN's name to try to wheedle him into being good, and we had sent a special envoy to treat with him. It would certainly be eating very humble pie to put up with outrage and contempt under such circumstances. But this only shows what a stupid mess has been made of the whole affair, not by the present Ministers, but by their predecessors. If the Abyssinian Expedition does no other good, let us hope that it will teach us never again to commit the error of entering into diplomatic relations with inaccessible savages.

But there really runs through all the discussions of cases like this of Abyssinia the tacit assumption, that however magnificent our theories may be as to what we can do and ought to do, yet practically we shall only act when we think we can act with comparative ease and safety. The Ministry quite adopt this view. They would not have anything to do with the Abyssinian Expedition until they had assured themselves that it was a moderately cheap and easy undertaking. It was because he had not satisfied himself of this that Lord STANLEY rather argued against the expedition when the subject was brought before the House of Commons towards the end of July. But on the 13th of August the Government, as we learn from Lord DERBY, received intelligence from India which made them then think the expedition a proper one to undertake; on the 19th of August they resolved on undertaking it, and on the 21st of August they announced, through the medium of the QUEEN'S Speech, that it had been undertaken. It will be in the highest degree interesting to learn what this intelligence from India was that thus suddenly decided the policy of the Cabinet. We look in vain for anything like it in the pages of the vast blue-book that has just been published. If there was anything of importance about Abyssinia to be learnt from India, we should think it would be found in a Minute of the Indian Council, which was sent from Simla on August 17, in answer to the question whether the expedition was advisable. Whatever could be known in India in time to be sent home by August 13 must have been known previously to the Council of the 17th. This Minute of the Indian Council seems to us one of the most extraordinary documents ever emanating from an official body. If the Members of Council were asked their opinion by the Home Government, they were of course quite right to give it. But that they should have been asked only shows what a curious muddle things get into with our present system of Indian administration. The Ministry does not at all regard the Abyssinian Expedition from an Indian point of view. The question is simply a discussion of probabilities, based on a statement of facts entirely beyond the knowledge of the persons giving these opinions. Let us remember who the Members of Council are. The two military members may be supposed to be as good judges of the expedition as any other competent officers. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE knows much from personal experience of dealing with barbarous tribes, but the other four members are ordinary civilians, the most eminent of whom are two barristers, sent from England, one to take care of Indian law, and the other to take care of Indian finance. These gentlemen were seriously asked for their opinion as to how British troops would get on in the interior of Africa; and, being asked, they very properly said what they thought, which seems to have been that, "bearing in mind the disturbed state of the interior of Africa in which the operations will take place, the absence of strong government, and that the authority of THEODORUS is said to have been greatly broken, we consider that there is every prospect of success." We must protest against the absurdity of asking for an opinion on such a subject from men so placed, and calling it intelligence from

India, or investing it with any of the authority or sanction of the Indian Government. Nothing can be more unfair on the Indian Council, which thus seems to have thrown a sort of cover and protection over the Abyssinian Expedition. It lowers its authority in matters really within its cognizance that it should be asked to give its opinion on matters which are as totally removed from its sphere, and as completely beyond its knowledge, as if it had been asked whether GARIBALDI would have been likely to succeed against the Pontifical troops unsupported by the French.

The two military members of Council, however, have not only signed the Minutes of Council, but they have given their reasons at length in separate memoranda; and these memoranda must certainly be ranked among the best intelligence from India, for all intelligence from India must necessarily have been nothing more than expressions of opinion. When we read what Sir HENRY DURAND and Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD have to say in detail, we begin to understand what they meant by concurring with their non-professional friends in stating that "there is every prospect of success." Their views are certainly not encouraging. Sir HENRY DURAND points out that this expedition is a very different thing from the Persian Expedition, where we only tried to strike a blow on the coast. We have to go inland. Now Sir HENRY DURAND, "with a painful sense of the want of all data on which to proceed," could not believe that it would be a matter of insurmountable difficulty to "push a well and suitably-equipped force into Abyssinia." But the difficulty would be what to do next. A temporary occupation of the country will probably prove inevitable, and that, again, will entail the necessity of endeavouring to restore order in the vicinity of the position occupied by the troops, and on the line of communication with the coast. "The fact is," he says a little later on, "it may turn out far easier to get into and occupy the country than to leave it at the moment we desire." Now this is what Sir HENRY DURAND calls our having "every prospect of success." He means that he thinks we shall succeed if we will but go on fighting, and finding money and men until we have secured a safe and creditable retreat. Sir WILLIAM MANSFIELD takes exactly the same view. He says most distinctly—and we hope his words will be duly weighed by the country—that "we cannot return from such an expedition without loss of political honour, and perhaps of military reputation, if, after exacting reparation from King THEODORUS, we should leave the country in a state of seething anarchy." The danger is that we shall have an Abyssinian Algeria on our hands, however sincerely we desire to get away. The history of the French in Mexico ought to be a warning to us. The hardest thing for an invading army to do is to retreat, and, if the captives are not released at once, we must stay in Abyssinia to insist on their release, or to punish those who have murdered them, if they are killed. There is, as we have said, no helping this. We must go on now at all hazards; but we cannot think that, so far as we yet know, the Government had any reason to think the expedition a light and easy matter, as the opinions of the only Indian authorities who were competent to speak, and who were free from the natural prepossessions of Bombay in favour of an expedition which it was to organize, were full of warning, and pointed out in the strongest manner how costly, laborious, and protracted the undertaking would probably be, although of course, if England was bent on carrying out such an undertaking, it had "every prospect of success."

PRUSSIA AND GERMANY.

THE King of Prussia's Speech to the first Parliament of the enlarged Prussian Kingdom is dignified and practical, but not especially interesting to foreigners. The occasion is, in some respects, unprecedented, although the successive Unions of England with Scotland and with Ireland bear a certain analogy to the incorporation of the Baltic provinces, of Hanover and of Nassau, into Prussia. The admission of representatives of the King's new dominions was a necessary consequence of annexation, but the state of affairs is complicated by the existence of an outer ring of dependent or allied territories. A Federal Assembly elected by universal suffrage has anticipated the Prussian Parliament in the exercise of some of its functions; nor is it easy to distinguish the concentric spheres of North German and of Prussian legislation. The Budget itself, on which Parliamentary power mainly depends, has been more or less arbitrarily distributed between the State and Federal Parliaments, so that neither body can absolutely control either the revenue or the expenditure. In less prosperous times, which would probably be also less harmonious, constant bickerings might

be expected to arise between the Prussian deputies and the Ministers of the Crown. None of the constitutional questions which were agitated before the war have been settled by compromise or by the final triumph of either disputant, although it may perhaps be found that the prerogative has been strengthened by the establishment of a Federal military organization. If the present system of double government is maintained, a hard-pressed Minister will always be inclined to appeal from a troublesome House of Deputies to an Assembly chosen by a larger constituency for a more extensive district. Both the Danish Constitution, as it existed before the loss of Schleswig and Holstein, and the abortive experiment of SCHMERLING in Austria, involved some of the anomalies which are likely to perplex Prussian politicians; but forms are always manageable when they are inspired by a definite purpose, and for the present the Prussians are content to postpone all other considerations to the accomplishment of national unity. If there had been any hesitation in adopting Count BISMARCK's policy, the indiscreet attempt of France upon Luxemburg, and the events which followed, sufficiently proved the advantage of the direct and indirect extension of the Prussian monarchy. The awkward contrivance of two almost co-ordinate Parliaments is evidently provisional; and the prospect of a third representative body is, for the same reason, not intolerable. Berlin, which has already within a year witnessed three Sessions of three different Parliaments, will probably in a few months receive the deputies of the South German States assembled to represent the Customs' League. Prudent statesmen are perhaps justified in encouraging the habit of common German deliberation, in anticipation of the time when a formal union may express a result already attained in substance. The intermediate period will not be favourable to the extension of liberty, or to the assertion of constitutional rights. It was only when the Reformation had been completed, and the designs of Spain against England baffled, that the Parliament was at leisure to engage in a contest with the Crown.

The measures which are to be submitted to the Prussian Parliament relate almost exclusively to the administration of the new provinces. Without descending to the use of rhetorical phrases, the KING briefly expresses his own regard for his new subjects, and his confidence in their loyalty to Prussia. The local institutions are as far as possible to be preserved, and the authority of provincial corporations is to be extended. The KING congratulates the Parliament on the state of the finances, which are sufficient to meet both usual and extraordinary outlay; but at the same time he intimates that additional grants will be required to maintain the dignity of the Crown under the altered circumstances which have arisen. If the taxation of the annexed provinces is assimilated to the fiscal system of Prussia, it might seem that the natural increase of resources would be sufficient to meet the additional expenditure; but a part of the revenues of Nassau, of Hesse, and of Hanover must be applied to form a provision for the dethroned sovereigns, and it would not be reasonable that the income of the Prussian Crown domains should be applied to the benefit of the new acquisitions. The reputation of the Prussian Government for frugal administration is so high that the liberality of Parliament will not be checked by suspicions of extravagance on the part of the Court or of the Government. The financial differences between the Crown and the Prussian House of Deputies have always turned on the right to control the military expenditure, and since the war the dispute has been left in abeyance. If the KING asks for additional taxes, or for authority to raise loans, the Deputies will attach their own terms to the concession; but all parties will be inclined to adjourn conflicts of principle, and the North German Parliament has already provided for the wants of the Federal army. If any conflict were to arise between the Government and the Opposition, the Liberal party would perhaps scarcely welcome the alliance of Hanoverian malcontents who object, not to the extension of the prerogative, but to the loss of local independence. The complete union of the new territories with the kingdom is more urgent than the limitation of the power of the Crown, and the measures proposed by the Government appear to be well adapted to their objects.

The paragraphs of the Speech which relate to foreign affairs are few and concise. The King of Prussia congratulates the Parliament, in the same sentence, on the security derived from the establishment of the North German Confederation, and on the community of interests and the effective protection of national existence which have been attained in conjunction with "our fellow-countrymen" of the South German States. The Minister who must be supposed to have framed

the Speech adds, in defence of his own policy, that the treaties with the South have lately received additional importance from the display of the national spirit in the discussions of the South German Parliaments. When Wurtemberg was hesitating to confirm the treaty of alliance, and when the Bavarian House of Lords rejected the Bill for the Customs' Union, Count BISMARCK was exposed to some popular censure for his backwardness in the encouragement of Southern aspirations for admission into the Confederacy. By holding in his hand the power of exclusion from the Customs' League he secured, as he well knew, the adhesion of the Southern Parliaments to the military treaties; and he is now justified in boasting that the whole of Germany outside the Austrian provinces is united for the defence of its national existence. An answer to French menaces is no longer necessary, for the most pugnacious journalists have for two or three months ceased to threaten Prussia with the awful consequences of crossing the Main, in violation of the arrangements of Prague. If the King of PRUSSIA has time or inclination to read political pamphlets, he may have been amused by the pompous recognition of unavoidable facts which forms the substance of a late Parisian manifesto. The author of *Napoleon III. and Europe in 1867* arrives, in many stilted words, at the sound conclusion that, although nothing is impossible to a French army, Germany has a right to achieve internal unity, and that it is not the duty or the interest of France to interfere with the process. Of course it is explained that the reasons for neutrality are purely moral, inasmuch as France is the representative of liberalism and democracy. The strong man armed is allowed to keep his house in peace, not because it might be dangerous to attempt an ejection, but because an aggressor "would be false to his democratic and liberal mission." If it pleases the writers and readers of an ingenious nation to envelop a small quantity of common sense in an enormous package of bombast, an answer in the same style would not be fitting when a great Sovereign is addressing his Parliament. Count BISMARCK has more than once carried political repartee as far as is consistent with diplomatic propriety. His publication of the South German treaties in answer to the statement that Germany was split in three, and the Circular in which he congratulated the French and Austrian Emperors on their abstinence from political conversation at Salzburg, while they were undoubtedly humorous, bordered perhaps on indiscretion. The KING is now enabled in perfect seriousness to anticipate the continuance of peace; and among dangers which are past, he only refers to the recent collision between France and Italy, "both most amicably connected with us." The Emperor of the FRENCH confirms, in simple and dignified language contrasting strongly with the fustian of his pamphleteers, the peaceful assurances of the King of PRUSSIA; nor does it appear that the Italian question produces any conflict of policy between France and Germany. The KING, who counts among his subjects a large Catholic population, entertains a due regard for the Holy See; but it will tax the acuteness of Cardinal ANTONELLI to discover how the Prussian Government intends to reconcile its "care for the dignity and independence of the Head of the Catholic Church" with "the duties which increase for Prussia in consequence of political interests and the international relations of Germany." There is no use in anticipating a difficulty before it has arisen, and purely conventional phrases form the nearest approximation to the ideal perfection of silence.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE EMPEROR'S Speech was eminently pacific. It was intended to soothe, to reassure, and to satisfy. Everything was painted in its brightest colours, and the Imperial Government was shown only on its most favourable side. There certainly had been apprehensions of war, but these apprehensions were totally unfounded. France has no objection whatever to Germany making whatever arrangement for the management of her own affairs she may please. It was indeed hard for the EMPEROR to be so misunderstood in the very year when he had got up such a very big Exhibition—the sign and pledge of concord, as all persons who admire Exhibitions call them in spite of all experience. The Roman Expedition was really a great kindness and blessing to Italy, and was imposed on the EMPEROR by the terms of a treaty which left him no option. All the great Powers are of one mind as to the East, and heartily desire to maintain the Ottoman Empire. It is true that there is some suffering in France, but it must be left to Free Trade to remedy the evil. There was not a hint of a loan, and the EMPEROR even suggested that the burden of taxation might soon be lightened.

Even the reorganization of the army, which was to be carried out in a way to please everybody as far as possible, was only intended to make France more pacific, because the more complete is her military and naval strength, the less she will be inclined to go to war. Thus, at peace with all the world, and becoming daily more pledged to peace as the Chassepot rifles are more widely distributed through her armies, France is at leisure to attend to her own internal improvements. More especially she can devote herself to two great objects—the construction of country roads, and the enlargement of that measure of public liberty which is accorded her under the present Imperial system. From first to last everything was said that could make the EMPEROR stand well with Europe and with France, and that could inspire the conviction that he has a decided policy, and is sure of his own position. In spite of all that has been whispered against him, he is resolved not to be forced into a war with Germany; he is still the friend of Italy, and the champion of her unity and independence; he is still a firm believer in Free Trade, and can never consider he has done his work until he has crowned the edifice. There is no part of his assertions that can be directly gained, and in some passages of his Speech he had evidently taken great pains to be conciliatory. More especially, in speaking of Italy, he spoke so as to wound the feelings of Italians as little as possible, and so as to avoid as much as possible all appearance of mixing himself up with the clerical party and its triumphs. It was a very well-contrived Speech, and seemed to place the speaker in a very amiable and pleasant light, and all those who can at the present crisis be cheered by a Speech from the EMPEROR were as likely to be cheered by it as by anything he could have said.

But it wanted one element altogether—that of force. It was gentle and conciliatory, but it was tame. It left the impression that its author was not dominating events, but only seeing how events would go. It was a Speech the main object of which was to gain time. It really left everything as uncertain as it was before. Can any one who reads it be sure that the EMPEROR does not mean to go to war with Prussia when his army is larger and better armed; that he dares to accept any real and practicable solution of the Roman question; that he honestly thinks his system can last if France is made more free? The part about Prussia and the Exhibition was meant to reassure the commercial world and the Bourse, but the part about the necessity for an increase of the military strength of France was meant to please the army, and to satisfy those who have an uneasy feeling that, ever since the disastrous Mexican expedition was planned, France has been going down in the world. No part of this pacific Speech appears to have been so heartily cheered as that in which the EMPEROR assured his Chambers that he was getting ready to fight with a greater certainty of success. The Roman question is as much in darkness as it ever was. The EMPEROR had nothing to say except that something must be done about Rome and Italy, and that he had asked a great number of people what they thought ought to be done. The proposal for a Conference furnished matter for the Speech, and the Speech seemed to give some sort of additional importance to the proposal for a Conference. But this going round and round in a circle betrays the mind of a man who feels himself smaller, not greater, than the circumstances in which he is placed. This mode of gaining time must soon come to an end. The EMPEROR must either promulgate some basis for the Conference, or he must own that he proposed a Conference without having any basis to suggest. If he chooses the latter course, and lets the proposal of a Conference die quietly away, his Speech will seem a very poor thing to look back on. It will be confessed that he really had nothing to say on the Roman question, except that if all the European Powers would meet, and kindly give him some vague general hints, he should be truly obliged to them. This is a very humble position for him to occupy. We may perhaps be glad that he should not always be able to dictate to Europe, and that the days are over when his will seemed to shape the course of history. But at any rate it is a signal fact in his career, that at such a crisis he should have uttered a Speech which makes his altered position evident, and reduces him to the level of the ordinary feeble ruler waiting upon Providence. At home he may wish France could be more free, and he may possibly think that the time is come when more of freedom may be safely granted. But it is also quite possible that he may be as uncertain and hesitating about French liberty as about Rome, and that he has no notion of putting it out of his power to restrain liberty as well as to extend it. It is very difficult to believe that he can be sincere in giving it to be understood that, in his opinion, public meetings and public speaking and writing can be

tolerated in Paris with less danger to his Government now than at any earlier portion of his reign. Who can possibly believe that Paris is exceptionally tranquil just now; that the opposition to his Government would not now meet with popular support? Read by the light of current events, his Speech seems not so much the exposition of a policy as the utterance of a man who hopes that, if he chooses his words very carefully, he may prolong the period during which it may still be possible for him to decide what his policy shall be.

Nothing, we think, can be further from the truth than the belief which the EMPEROR evidently tried to inspire, that things are going on easily and smoothly with him, that he knows exactly how to manage France and Europe, and that his Government has every day a more assured hold over the affections and respect of his people. Never, since Solferino put him in a commanding position at home and abroad, has he had greater dangers and difficulties to face than he has now. He has created the general impression that he has mismanaged things dreadfully; and now that irritation has once begun, the old sore of the Mexican Expedition has been re-opened, and the public is being constantly reminded of it by fresh exposures of the jobs and scandals that disgraced it. The army feels ashamed of its position; and French soldiers have too much pride and too much generosity to look on the destruction of a few Garibaldians, or the threats of force employed towards a minor country like Italy, as any compensation for having had, as they think, to recoil before the conquerors of Sadowa. The large cities are notoriously in a state of alarming discontent, as is shown by the vast bodies of troops kept in readiness to act, and by the constant arrests that are going on. The press is extraordinarily free in France just now, and the Government is attacked with much bitterness and in the plainest language. It is possible that the liberty thus accorded may be a sign of strength; but it is also possible that another explanation, freely suggested by the adversaries of the Government, may be the true one, and that the EMPEROR shrinks from interfering with a burst of thought and an assertion of independence too general and too powerful to be put down by anything short of a new Reign of Terror. The EMPEROR referred in his Speech to the tour he had made through Northern and Eastern France, and to the hearty reception which he and the EMPRESS everywhere met with. That this welcome was genuine, and was not merely got up by the police, which can always get up sham welcomes, almost exactly like real ones, is not improbable; but, in the first place, things have altered very much in the last two months, and secondly, the villages and small towns of the provinces are more favourable to the EMPEROR than Paris and the larger cities. People think more slowly in country places; and having once accepted the EMPEROR, they are not inclined to throw him over, and consider a visit from him a greater honour than Parisians can do who see him so often. But the chief causes of his popularity in the provinces are the conviction that he has really done much for the remote parts of the country, and has concerned himself in promoting the prosperity of all parts of France; and, further, the support which is at present given him by the priests. He evidently thinks that he cannot afford to do without this support. He must have the provinces with him if he is losing his hold on the large towns, and this is probably the true explanation of this second occupation of Rome. He was afraid of the priests at the provincial elections, and, true to his constant policy, he is determined at all costs to have the army and the peasantry with him. One of the most serious and alarming facts in Europe at the present moment is the open war which threatens at every moment to break out between the clerical party and the democracy. The clerical party is the rising, the successful, the aggressive, the dominating party at present; but the democratic party, if it could but once get the chance of acting and combining, has a vigour and energy which make it formidable. We think the EMPEROR has managed to trim pretty evenly between these two parties, and his Speech shows that his first desire is to be able to continue as an arbiter between them, friendly to each, but superior to both. In spite of all his wishes to be neutral, he may, however, be forced to choose between them; and, if so, which side will he choose? No one can answer this question confidently, but his past history shows that, as a general principle, he thinks it safer to use the priests against democracy than to give democracy a license that might easily sweep him and his dynasty away.

THE CLERKENWELL DEPUTATION.

WE live in strange times, and the rapidity with which events move is in harmony with the extraordinary character which they wear. We have hardly passed two-

thirds of the century which saw the aristocratic Government of England, from a population not much more than one-half of its present numbers, raise forces capable of meeting the vastest and best-equipped armaments of modern Europe in every part of the world, and, while it was thus engaged, keep down with a strong hand the tumultuous disaffection which from time to time raged in our great towns. The nation for twenty years was putting a severe strain on its patience and resources. Its temper and courage were keenly tried, but it came out from the desperate and protracted trial victorious over foreign foes and domestic sedition. Many harsh things, and perhaps some cruel things, were done in those days, but at all events the authority of Government was maintained. Men were not left to the delusion that every member of the State was at liberty to measure his own obedience to its laws and his subordination to its authorities by the approbation of his judgment, or the coincidence of his personal prepossessions with his legal obligations. Whatever might be the rigours of the system enforced by SIDMOUTH, PERCEVAL, and CASTLEREAGH, they had the good effect of making a reign of anarchy impossible. Though we are separated from the epoch of those statesmen by a period less than the average lifetime of man, we are separated from it by a chasm of change which is equivalent to centuries of time. All the old feeling of respect for authority seems to have gone out of the popular mind. It is already an effete and worn-out superstition. To any one who doubts this we commend for contemplation the interruption of the rowdy delegates into the office of the HOME SECRETARY last Monday. The incident reads like a chapter from a wild fiction which pretends to describe the prospective relations of the populace to the Ministers of the Crown after some great and radical revolution. At a mass meeting of the enlightened politicians who inhabit the lanes of Clerkenwell, a genial sympathy with the instruments of sedition prompted a petition to the Crown in favour of the convicted felons who murdered BRETT. In this there was nothing extraordinary. To the denizens of Clerkenwell, judging by the proceedings at its Police Court, we can easily believe that any agent of the law is an obnoxious animal, to be disposed of as wolves were in former centuries. Next in merit to putting a constable out of the way, is the act of releasing or rewarding those who have so distinguished themselves. But the merit is considerably enhanced if the act of murdering a constable has been combined with connivance at treason. Everything that was done by the Manchester convicts was of a character to engage the sympathies of the patriots of Clerkenwell. Accordingly, they selected Sunday morning for their meeting, prepared their address, and wrote to the HOME SECRETARY to fix an audience with him.

Mr. HARDY had the precedent of Mr. WALPOLE in his mind's eye, and, either not feeling a disposition to be treated to Clerkenwell eloquence, or fearing his inability to control his lachrymatory glands, wisely declined the honour of the proposed interview. Doubtless, in his innocence, he thought that an intimation of his refusal would answer all the exigencies of the case. Infatuated man! Little did he guess of what stuff the men who rule the democracy of Clerkenwell are composed, if he supposed that a denial by a Secretary of State would blunt their patriotic purpose. Mr. HARDY might refuse to receive them, but, for all that, to Mr. HARDY they would go. So a deputation of seventy or eighty men—"working-men," of course—proceeded to the Home Office, and startled the messengers of the department by their unexpected appearance. Though denied admission to the room of the HOME SECRETARY, they made their way into the next room by dint of superior force. When once inside, they proceeded as might have been expected. A Mr. FINLAN addressed his companions, and told them that they had no political sympathies with Fenianism, but that they were resolved that four political prisoners should not be handed over to CALCRAFT. It is needless to say that the Clerkenwell delegates cheered the proposition that to murder a policeman in the execution of his duty is a mere political offence, and worthy of respectful commiseration. When they had gone so far, they were prepared to repeat and applaud any amount of nonsense, provided it was strong enough. And in this respect their leaders did not disappoint them. Heaven and earth were to be moved to denounce Mr. HARDY; and Ireland and America were to be invoked to rise against England. This was the key-note to which the intelligent patriots most enthusiastically responded. Accordingly it was repeated at due intervals. If in England any one was found bold enough to carry out the sentence of an English Court upon men who had violated the laws of England, then the aid of a foreign country was to be called in to chastise the insolence of those who discharged a solemn duty. Such was the

doctrine which was preached by Citizen FINLAN to his brother citizens, not on Clerkenwell Green, but in the very *penetralia* of the office of the Secretary of State. And the man who uttered all this stuff was not given in charge to the police. Talk of liberty after this! As if to make the triumph of the seditionists more complete, an unfortunate clerk or messenger was occasionally sent into the room to remonstrate against the intrusion of this motley band, but he no sooner entered than he was peremptorily ordered out by some Citizen Delegate as the "servile minion of an odious Government." It will be seen, then, that the reign of License has already begun, and begun with a flourish worthy of the Jacobin Club. Middle-aged and respectable persons will be startled at the audacity of the authors of this proceeding; but a little reflection will show that it is logically consistent with their previous demeanour. When the roughs of London asserted and maintained their right to the possession of the Parks against the ineffectual veto of the weeping WALPOLE and with the sly connivance of the unrepenting GLADSTONE, they established a precedent for taking possession of every public office in Downing Street. A rigid logic will now not only encourage but compel them to invade the *penetralia* of Lord STANLEY or his successor whenever the foreign policy of the QUEEN'S Government displeases the critical judgment of Clerkenwell and Whitechapel. Nor will they stop there. Already they have thought proper, in utter contempt of the Constitution, to threaten an invasion of Windsor Castle, and to insult HER MAJESTY in person. The seditious rabble of Clerkenwell have, however, only a remote and indirect relation to the members of the Executive Government or to the Crown. Their relation to members of Parliament is more direct and immediate. Acting on their own precedent, and in accordance with their own principle, they will naturally feel themselves justified in watching the debates of the people's representatives, and exercising a salutary jurisdiction over their errors or backslidings. The lobbies will be assaulted, the galleries will be taken by storm, and they whom the people have sent to Parliament will vote and speak under the eyes and orders of their only legitimate masters. When an obnoxious vote is given, the wayward member will be reminded of his default by the groans or clamours of his indignant constituents; while a popular speech will be rewarded by the loud applause of the approving gallery.

To people who complain of this as exaggeration we reply by asking what is there in the future which we have sketched more extraordinary and improbable than what we have ourselves seen within the last two years? Twenty years ago it was impossible for a working-man with a load, or for a beggar, to walk into the park. Now the beggars and loafers of the metropolis disport themselves in the parks at discretion; and the mob say that the parks are their own property. Twenty years ago all London armed itself to defend the sanctity of Parliament from a Chartist aggression. All last Session a well-known law was defied by the nightly assemblage of a mob within half a mile of the Houses of Parliament. All this is strange and perplexing to persons who remember the severity with which lawless gatherings were put down in this country half a century ago. It is stranger in the eyes of foreigners, by whom an overt assault upon the office of a Minister of State is viewed either as flat blasphemy or the first sign of a ripe revolution. Not only does it astonish the well-policed Frenchmen or Germans, to whom an actual Government is a sacred thing, but Americans, who are generally supposed to have no Government at all. Such a demonstration as that of the Clerkenwell sympathizers would have been impossible or suicidal at Washington. Something like it was attempted by the Irish rowdies at New York during the civil war, but they learned a lesson then which will effectually prevent them from a repetition of similar amusements. In no country, except in England, could such a demonstration have been made with impunity.

And why is this? The causes are not far to seek. We have in the lowest depths of English society a numerous class, rude, rough, and strong, and possessing the audacity which comes from a consciousness of numbers and strength. It is not wholly criminal, but it receives occasional accessions from the criminal class. It is composed partly of professed criminals, partly of mendicants, partly of unemployed loafers, and partly of men more or less irregularly employed. It descends, in a great degree, from the English Jacquerie. Many of its members are the successors of those "lewd and sturdy beggars" against whom vagrant-laws and poor-laws have been, for three centuries, made in vain. It has grown with the growth and the wealth of the country; it has been a drag on the one, and a drain on the other. It has been pampered with the overflows of an opulence which it

has done little to create or to increase, and which it regards with a sort of sullen envy. Growing up in the shadow of great cities, it long escaped the observation which its unexpected development at last attracted. Then, when it was likely to become formidable, its terrors were curtailed or destroyed by the concurrent instrumentality of gas and police. For many years these creations of modern civilization were deemed sufficient for the repression of crime, violence, and menace. For many years drilled policemen, and broad and lighted streets, cowed the class which had waxed strong and bold in the age of dark and narrow alleys, of gloomy and labyrinthine courts. At length we have awakened from our pleasant security to the recognition of an old and revived evil. The Huns and Arabs of our by-lanes are again raising their heads in defiance of authority and law. The worst of them attract our notice by a brutality of violence which shows the presence of a foreign spirit and foreign arms. Native lawlessness is recruited by accessions from the dregs of French or Italian outlaws and Hiberno-American adventurers. It is to these elements that we owe the frequent use of the once unknown pistol, and an indifference to bloodshed which was once foreign to our race. The class of which we are speaking does not habitually concern itself with politics; but when it does, it attaches itself to the most ardent professors of the most extreme creed. If it could explain its own creed in articulate sounds, it would profess the doctrine of the Red Republicans. Itself not habitually ferocious or sanguinary, in times of political passion it gives its support and strength to the most fierce and sanguinary factions. What this combination of rabid sedition-mongers and sullen rowdies can effect is shown by the triumph of BEALES and the humiliation of the QUEEN'S Ministers.

This evil of a violent class is formidable enough. But there is one still more formidable. That is the nervousness of those whose all depends on the observance of law and order. While one class has grown more reckless and audacious, the other classes have become more timid and inert; while the one is becoming more turbulent and careless of life, the others are becoming more tender, tranquil, and careful of life. There was a time, and that not so long ago, when a gentleman would think it his duty to go to the assistance of a constable, or any other man, pressed by an overpowering multitude. Now, most well-to-do folks, when they see a policeman hustled by a brutal mob, or a woman assaulted by a pack of suburban savages, discreetly pass over to the other side. In 1848 the Government could safely count on the faithful devotion of the London middle-classes to the cause of order. Could they count on it now, when authority has abdicated both its rights and its duties? To restore the confidence of the middle-class in themselves, the Government must show itself strong and bold. It has paltered too long with lawless audacity and braggart menace. That evening of July which saw two troops of household cavalry trot from one end of Hyde Park to the other, and then back again, in the face of a jeering mob, and by the *débris* of shattered palisades, saw also the destruction of that awe and reverence which had hitherto been better than the strongest *gendarmérie*. Men felt at once that the Government was cowed; and when the Government of a country is cowed, of what use is the courage or loyalty of individual subjects? For our own part, we say that few political phenomena are more disheartening than the exhibition of force, vigour, and violence on the part of the multitude, when the nominal rulers of the country have nothing to pit against these but adroit "management" and temporizing "tact."

ITALY.

THE Italian crisis is passing away without any recriminations of a violent character between the French and Italian Governments. Notwithstanding the temptations to speak out, both parties to the dispute are tolerably silent. It is possible that such reticence may be accounted for by the consciousness on the part of both that the negotiations between France and Italy during the recent Ministry of M. RATTAZZI have been mutually compromising. There is no reason to suppose that NAPOLEON III., during the course of a mystifying intrigue, is ever anything except taciturn and cautious. He hears, he sees, he says little, and then at last he acts. Still, if M. RATTAZZI persists in his intention to revenge himself upon the Cabinet of the Tuileries for the fall that they unexpectedly gave him, he will doubtless be able to furnish explanations of some interest about his Imperial ally's diplomacy. The Ministerial changes in France, which were postponed till there was no longer any risk of their weakening the prestige

of the EMPEROR's policy, show that there were those in the Imperial counsels to whom the sudden expedition from Toulon was a subject of mortification or surprise. The son-in-law of the King of ITALY is one of the French princes of the blood, and a member of the EMPEROR's most confidential councils. When we consider, moreover, who M. RATTAZI is, and to whom he had but recently succeeded, one can scarcely doubt that there has been a good deal of by-play between the two Courts which it is desired for the present to forget. Count BISMARCK intimated as much in language sufficiently plain and clear. The Prussian conduct to Italy through the Italian panic has been equivalent to a courteous reproach for having thrown overboard the friendship of Prussia to embark in a fruitless French intrigue. And we presume that, as long as the Roman question is kept alive to suit the internal exigencies of the French Empire, it will always entail on the several parties to the dispute a mass of diplomatic mystification. Priests have to be conciliated, revolutionists anticipated, European alliances consulted; now one string is to be pulled and now another, till, at the end of all, the illustrious negotiators find themselves floundering in a sea of deception and conspiracy. One of the strangest things in the last two months has been the tone adopted this week by the Italian journals about the French EMPEROR's Speech. The oration was warily and prudently arranged so as not to raise up unnecessary difficulties in the way of the meeting of a Congress. Critics in every country have noticed with interest the fact that there is not, from the beginning to the end, a line about preserving the temporal power of the POPE. And the Italian papers are relieved, after weeks of desperation, at being able to fix on this little blue opening in their very gray sky. The thankfulness they display to NAPOLEON III. because he has not made his discourse more terrible and biting is the last proof and symptom of Italian humiliation. Used with respect to the chastenings of Heaven, such language might be pious and appropriate; but for Italy, at the present conjuncture, to be overwhelmed with admiration of the EMPEROR's "delicacy and tact" is a phenomenon that could not have been foreseen. As the bitterness of the popular feeling against the French is not denied even by French correspondents from Italy, there can be but one interpretation of this new phase of Italian complaisance. The Italians have made up their minds that there is something to be gained by avoiding a rupture. What it is that they are after only diplomatists who are in the secret can tell. But that some Italian advantage is in the wind is obvious from what is passing. If it be true that the Cabinet of Florence has signified its readiness to enter the Conference or Congress, it is certain that explanations of a most confidential nature have passed between France, Italy, and Prussia.

Though NAPOLEON III. appears anxious as far as possible to allay Italian irritation, he is careful not to abandon in any moment of effusion a single hard diplomatic advantage that he has gained. In his Speech he takes note publicly of the fact that the September Convention survives till a new international compact takes its place. If it is quite certain that some definite arrangement about Rome is within view, the Italian Cabinet may desire to avoid any superfluous and disagreeable discussion about the legal obligations that still obtain after the new Roman occupation. But it is to be observed that no similar considerations of tenderness seem to prevent NAPOLEON III. from positively asserting that he considers the contract of September still valid and unbroken. It is the worst of having a weak and inexperienced Government in Italy that this is precisely the sort of point they are likely, from sheer want of nerve, to allow to pass unquestioned. M. MENABREA, we have no doubt, is sorely tempted to let it drift by, without examining the allegation too minutely. To spectators it appears a most important one. A tacit acceptance of the EMPEROR's view is a step about as grave as the signature by Italy of a new Convention of September, to replace the failure of the last. One can conceive no better source of future complications than the absence of a clear understanding between the Italians and the French about their relative engagements. The reoccupation of Rome has been a great misfortune for Italy. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the Italians have at least derived from the presence of French troops at Rome a clear political opportunity to refuse to resume a compact about the wisdom of renewing which there cannot be two opinions. The French are there. It is not a question now of saving Italy from humiliation or bloodshed. All the humiliation has been suffered; the King of ITALY has with impunity been bullied in the sight of his people, and Italian subjects have fallen victims to French bullets. Italy has not been able to resent all this, and has made up her mind to bear it. There is the less, therefore, to gain by urging the French Empire to retire from an

occupation which, if the Italians bide their time, will become a millstone round NAPOLEON's neck. Whether the French are at Civita Vecchia or at Toulon is a matter of no moment at all, so long as they are pledged to return to Italy on the slightest symptoms of disaffection or disturbance in the Papal States. To ask their recall as a favour is simply to assist the French Empire out of the embarrassments it has created for itself. If, indeed, the Italians asked it as a right, with the power and the will to back their claim by active measures, one could understand their position. It is less easy to sympathize with a policy which, beaten in intrigue, takes refuge in petitions and intercessions; and which for the sake of temporary relief, and the hope of favours to come, is ready to forget the past, as well as to neglect the dictates of common diplomatic caution.

Any indications, indeed, that the Italians, after the severe lesson they have received, are relapsing into their old condition of waiters on a sort of French Providence, and their old habits of being fed, so to speak, by hand, are thoroughly to be regretted. The French EMPEROR can do a good deal for them. He can let them have the coping-stone to their national edifice a few years earlier than they would get it in the natural order of events; if it is ever particularly convenient to him to do so. It would, however, be well for Italy to consider the parable of M. PREVOST-PARADOL's dog. The French (like the young sparrows in the Psalms) are forced by circumstances over which they have no control to receive their political blessings as a kind of gift and bounty. No such obligation rests on Italy; the attitude of anxious and attached expectation which suited M. PREVOST-PARADOL's faithful companion is scarcely suitable to a great nation. The semi-official journalists in Paris whose acute eyes have discovered unfriendliness in the QUEEN's Speech, believe to a man that England desires Italy's independence because England is jealous of French power. And the least show of interest in Italy on this side of the Channel is gibbeted by them as the latest specimen of the undying selfishness and perfidy of Albion. If it suited the general policy of this country to take a more active part in the settlement of the Roman question, it would be difficult to prove on logical or moral grounds why we should abstain. It is true that England is not a Catholic nation; but though this fact may make it harder for us to understand or appreciate the susceptibilities of French priests and their congregations, it does not disqualify us from sympathizing with the Italian ambition to have Rome and Italy free from all but lay government. There is no political weight at all in the view that non-Catholics are bound to stand aside and let French Catholics do what they please with Rome and GARIBALDI. The real reason of English non-interference in Italy is the resolution which this country, from the variety of the interests and the divergence of the opinions of its subjects, has lately drifted into adopting, to the effect that she cannot go to war except for the gravest national interests. There is, on the other hand, no shadow of a wish that there should be anything but the most complete *entente cordiale* between France and Italy. If the giant and the dwarf do not get tired of each other's company after Mentana, by all means let the confederacy go on and prosper. It is quite a different thing to say that this country likes to witness French intervention in Italy, or to see Italy turned into a humble dependant on the French Empire. Perhaps the Italians cannot help themselves. If so, all that can be said is, that they are to be pitied. But we can hardly believe that they are so poorly off. Nations are longer-lived than any individual; time is always running in their favour; and they can afford to wait. So long as NAPOLEON III. lives, French democracy may be at the mercy of the master it created for itself; but there is no reason to imagine that the present Italian policy of France can be prolonged beyond the next interruption of the reigning French dynasty. If this be so, the Italians have more to lose than to gain by precipitancy. Their situation is so thoroughly one that calls for statesmanship and skill, that before long M. MENABREA will have probably to make way for a stronger Cabinet. The meeting of the Italian Parliament at the beginning of next month will either be the signal for useful Ministerial modifications, or else serve as a wholesome check on the diplomatic operations of M. MENABREA and his friends.

Meanwhile the two persons who emerge without loss of reputation from the past crisis are the two enthusiasts of the piece. The POPE and GARIBALDI are pretty much what they were before; always cheerful, buoyant, and benevolent to all mankind, except to the French EMPEROR and to one another. They have both taken their own line openly and clearly, without pausing to consult diplomatists or to intrigue with Ministers. Both keep on surviving through every kind of

danger with a pertinacity which is one of the chief causes that the Roman question never is settled. The POPE is very old, but he will not die. GARIBALDI is always on the eve of being wounded or taken prisoner, but he never is killed. The only difference is that General GARIBALDI hardly perhaps prays for the EMPEROR and the little PRINCE IMPERIAL with the fervency or frequency of his great rival. With these two exceptions, no French or Italian statesman can congratulate himself on having achieved distinction from the last Italian movement. It is probable that, when all is known, M. RATAZZI will prove to have been hardly judged of by the world outside. If the assertions of his friends are true, his Italian policy was not deficient to the last in nerve; and if his Royal master had stood firm, a daring policy might have succeeded in paralysing the French EMPEROR. The event, however, has been so unfortunate that some blame will continue to attach to all who did not prevent the occasion of the mishap. In a word, if M. RATAZZI was not guilty of timidity, he has yet to prove that he is innocent of having embarked, in common with French negotiators, in a dangerous and speculative intrigue.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

THE official paragraph which announces the Government Bill for acquiring possession of the telegraph system leaves it in doubt whether the purchase is to be optional or compulsory; but if the Post Office is authorized to establish telegraphic communication, the Companies will have no practical choice in the matter. As the current of popular opinion has of late set strongly in favour of administrative centralization, there can be little doubt that Parliament will favour the withdrawal of the telegraphs from the control of private enterprise; and if the proposed terms of purchase are equitable, it will scarcely be worth the while of the shareholders to resist. The grant of full compensation is as expedient as it is just, for adventurers who try mechanical and commercial experiments for the public good are likely to be discouraged if the fruits of success are appropriated by the community. If the telegraph had proved a failure, Parliament would not have made good the loss, and it has no right to claim on behalf of the State the actual or proximate profits. The only legitimate gain to the revenue must arise from unity of management, and from the saving which may perhaps arise from the employment of postmasters, and the use of the existing post-offices. It may be admitted that the Telegraph Companies have not troubled themselves to earn popularity by extending and improving public accommodation. With an obstinacy or obtuseness which will perhaps be inherited by their Post Office successors, they have steadily disregarded the essential consideration of speed in the transmission of messages. Finding it impossible to restrain the velocity of the electric fluid from end to end of the wire, they are accustomed to lose at either end of the journey as much as possible of the time which is saved between the operator and the receiving-office. The boys who carry telegraphic despatches may be recognised by their loitering gait, and the clerks are apparently selected for their indifference to the urgency of customers. Still graver inconvenience is caused by the want of reciprocal arrangements among different Companies. There is no telegraph-office in the kingdom which possesses an accurate list of all stations to which a message can be despatched, although the clerks generally consent to receive the message and the payment, afterwards exercising a discretion as to the performance of the contract. In the hope that the Post Office will do the work better and cheaper, a majority of those who use the electric telegraph will almost certainly support the proposal of the Government. The scheme, in common with almost all the financial and administrative measures of the present Government, originated during Mr. GLADSTONE's tenure of office, so that it will not be impeded by party opposition. If the Bill is referred to a Select Committee, the Companies will probably confine their objections to any alleged insufficiency of compensation, knowing that when the preamble is passed their interests will be at the mercy of Parliament. The capital invested in telegraphs is small in proportion to the extent of the undertaking, and the Government, being comparatively indifferent to loss, could at once ruin any recalcitrant Company by a privileged competition.

The promoters of the scheme state with perfect truth that many towns and villages are at present without telegraphic communication, and the implied inference that the Post Office will supply the want represents, it may be hoped, the serious intentions of the department; yet it will be strange if, in the administration of the telegraph system, the Post Office throws aside its habitual indifference to the efficiency of the

public service in rural districts. In all practicable cases the Office prefers mail-carts to railways, and foot-postmen to mail-carts; nor is any sight more common in a country village than the passage of a mail-train on its way to a distant post town, from which a messenger walks back at his leisure with the post bags in the course of the day. The bags from London to one of the principal county towns in the home district are once a day taken by a mail-cart over a bleak hill which is always rendered impassable by snow three or four times in the course of the winter. Two railways have for many years connected the town directly with London; but the opportunity of exhibiting despotic power and of inflicting public inconvenience offers an irresistible attraction to the Post Office. When private persons who are aggrieved write to complain of abuses, their letters are referred to the District Inspector, who of course reports that his own arrangements require no change or improvement. It is not every district which is blessed with an active railway Director, or with a zealous member of Parliament; and unless there is a peer in the neighbourhood who cares to receive his letters early, there is no opportunity of appealing to the exalted dignitary who nominally presides over the department. As a general rule, it may be assumed that every newspaper paragraph on matters relating to the Post Office proceeds from official sources; and attentive readers will often find that ostentatious announcements of changes point to a withdrawal of accommodation. In Post Office language, a rule that letters must be posted at an earlier hour than before is commonly headed "Acceleration of the Mails." In one of the official articles on the proposed assumption of the telegraphs, the writer incautiously dwelt on the convenience which would be derived from the transmission of telegraphic messages by the letter-carriers in their rounds. Only a Post Office functionary could have failed to perceive that the lazy boys who are to be superseded by the letter-carriers are at least sent on special errands, soon after the arrival of messages at the office. The periodical circulation of despatches, which for the most part represent immediate urgency, would render telegraphs practically useless. A letter received at St. Martin's-le-Grand at three P.M. is at present delivered in the Tyburnian district between seven and eight, and, according to the official plan, telegraphic messages will hereafter be even more wantonly delayed. It is often worth while to save five hours out of six by sending a telegram, but few persons would care to send a message to London with the knowledge that it would reach its destination four hours after its arrival at the office. If special messengers are employed, there will in that respect be no diminution of expense; but the rent of offices will be saved, and in many instances the postmasters or their assistants may conveniently undertake the duties of telegraph operators and clerks. The extension of the system of uniform charges from letters to messages will be perfectly reasonable. It may be an anomaly that a letter should be sent from Cornwall to the Orkneys for a penny, but additional distance has no perceptible influence on the cost of a telegram. As Sir ROWLAND HILL has taught the present generation the habit, if not the art, of writing, so cheapness and facility of telegraphic communication will perhaps tend to substitute messages for letters; but if the tariff is properly adjusted, the revenue of the office will be secured, even if the sources from which it is derived are in some degree altered. As a message employs more labour for its transmission than a letter, the charge may properly be higher, but the Companies have probably not yet lowered their tariff to the most profitable level.

It will not be necessary to secure to the Post Office the monopoly of telegraphic despatches, although the department has the exclusive right of conveying letters. If private owners of a line can undersell the Government, their enterprise will prove that the charges are too high, and it is unlikely that such an enterprise would be attempted except as a corrective of notorious evils. The railways will find it necessary to maintain their telegraphs for the service of their lines, and there will be some difficulty in placing the same instruments in the hands of the Post Office for general use; but details of this kind can be arranged by competent persons when the principle of the transfer has once been admitted. There will be room for financial ingenuity in the necessary arrangement for charging the principal and interest of the purchase-money on the profits of the undertaking. The net revenue of the Post Office is a tax levied at an arbitrary rate; nor is there any abstract reason against performing at cost price a service which requires little or no capital. The form of the impost is not likely to be changed, because a penny is a convenient price of postage, and a million and a

quarter of income is welcome to the Exchequer; but it is possible that at some future time the tax may be remitted, and the payment for postage regulated by the outlay. The telegraph wires must, in the first instance, bear the burden of the interest of the purchase-money, and of a sinking-fund for instalments of the principal. The Government will also expect to receive a percentage on the receipts, as in the case of letters. Even if the undertaking involves neither profit nor loss, it will perhaps tend to the public advantage by promoting cheapness and establishing uniformity.

MR. ERNEST JONES ON LANDED PROPERTY.

THE unfortunate prevalence of seditious doctrines and practices among the worst and lowest portion of the community gives a certain importance to Mr. ERNEST JONES's communistic theories. Mere Jacobinism is transient, and in itself unmeaning, for the rabble cannot permanently exercise power. The bluster of the Reform League, of the mob on Clerkenwell Green, and of Mr. HARDY's Fenian visitors, is principally alarming because it may perhaps render necessary some restriction on the liberty which has long been the essence of the English Constitution. A civilized community will never consent to be exposed to incessant threats of outrage and murder; and the atrocities of the French Revolution have, after eighty years, left permanent results in the repressive machinery of French administration. If Mr. BEALES and Mr. FIMLAN had attempted in France their insolent defiance of authority, they would have appreciated the vigour of a society which has once been effectually frightened. The mild laws of England have been justified by an experience of two centuries, and it may be hoped that the prevalent indications of anarchy may subside before more stringent legislation becomes necessary. As long as demagogues confine themselves to the propagation of mere dicaly and confusion, their selfishness and vanity are not likely to attract any serious amount of popular sympathy. It is pleasant to the BEALES and the ODGERS to see their rabid menaces reported in the newspapers, and to feel that for the time they have emerged from their natural obscurity; but their followers have not the enjoyment of notoriety, and it must often occur to members of a mob, when they are not actually engaged in creating noise and riot, that they are adopting irrational means for the attainment of an indefinite and unintelligible object. It is only when political agitation allies itself with economic heresies that seditious energies acquire a dangerous solidity. The spoliation which Mr. ERNEST JONES proposes, although it would certainly not increase general wealth or prosperity, is tempting to the cupidity of the class which holds no accumulated property. M. LOUIS BLANC and other admirers of ROBESPIERRE maintain that the chief mistake of their hero consisted in the tenderness which, notwithstanding much anti-economic legislation, he is alleged to have felt for the institution of property. BABEUF and the other Communists of the time failed to acquire political power, and their successors in 1848 were summarily crushed, dragging the Republic after them in their fall. But schemes for the division of property are more dangerous in England, where the bulk of the community lives upon wages, than in a country of suspicious freehold proprietors.

Mr. ERNEST JONES arrives, by an unusually roundabout process, at the conclusion that English landed property ought to change owners. Although he habitually disregards the principles of political economy, he has a glimpse of the truth that the proportion of demand to supply has something to do with the price of labour. The monopoly which Trades' Unions are intended to establish in favour of a privileged section of the working-classes is, according to Mr. JONES, justifiable, because the fund available for wages is not enough for all. It is a bold assumption that the Unions have therefore a moral right to prohibit the employment of apprentices and the rise of labourers into the ranks of skilled workmen, and generally to convert every handicraft into the occupation of an hereditary caste. If the sufferers by exclusion were manufacturers or country gentlemen, they would be entitled to no compassion from agitators; but Mr. ERNEST JONES cannot afford to disregard the grievances of the multitude which is to be debarred from the exercise of all profitable industry. When a German or Asiatic tribe, at the commencement of the middle ages, was driven southward or westward by some irresistible invader, the exiles were accustomed to pour down into the unprotected provinces of the dissolving Roman Empire. Having provided for the expulsion of a large portion of the working-classes from the more remunerative branches of trade, Mr. ERNEST JONES benevolently looks round for a vacant habitation for the un-

fortunate emigrants, and he sees with pleasure that the ejection of a few thousands of landowners would leave room for a million of cottage occupiers. The country people, as Mr. JONES truly says, have swarmed more and more into the towns, attracted by higher wages, and by many other obvious inducements. It is therefore the business of legislation to reverse the current, partly for the benefit of the townsmen, who are to return to their native fields; and more especially that the sawgrinders of Sheffield and the brickmakers of Manchester may be relieved from the necessity of persecuting or murdering intruders into the practice of their crafts. The object may, in the opinion of Mr. JONES, be attained by the subdivision of landed estates, and by the consequent employment of a larger number of hands in the creation of a given amount of agricultural produce. In compliment to one or two simple-minded gentlemen of ample means who were unwise enough to attend the meeting, Mr. ERNEST JONES conventionally protested that he had no desire to confiscate a single acre, although he would take the whole area of the country for his purposes, and necessarily without purchase. The rental of the land, as he significantly suggested, would pay off the National Debt in five or six years; and it is impossible that Mr. JONES could be guilty of the absurdity of buying the land, because the purchase-money, if it were forthcoming, might be applied in the first instance to the discharge of the public obligations. With the settlement of the surplus population of the towns upon the land, conflicts between labour and capital would cease, and the country would be happy ever after. It is true that Mr. JONES, in other parts of his speech, threatened trade capitalists, as well as landowners, with spoliation; but as far as the movement from the country to the towns was supposed to be an evil, his subdivision of the land was offered as a sufficient remedy. It is not the business of a revolutionary agitator to observe that exactly the same process takes place in France, although the land is almost entirely held by peasant proprietors. No allowance is made in the scheme for the growth of population, which must find an outlet in emigration either to the towns or to foreign countries.

The accumulation of land in the hands of a few proprietors is produced by economical causes, and it is the height of absurdity to call a purchaser who invests his money at two and a half or three per cent. a grasping monopolist. It is a fair question whether the laws of settlement and entail might advantageously be modified; but no change short of the French plan of compulsory subdivision would materially affect the accumulation of landed estates. If the right of making wills were to be withdrawn, the number of landed proprietors would undoubtedly increase; but the economic change would affect large farms more than large properties. The English agricultural system, which Mr. JONES absurdly calumniate, yields, not the largest gross returns, but the greatest amount of produce in proportion to the labour employed. On an average one English labourer does the work of three French cultivators, although he may probably not work harder. An operative in a mill, for exactly the same reason, applies his labour more advantageously than a hand-loom weaver. If the country were cut up into ten-acre holdings, the produce might perhaps be doubled; but the same labour employed, as at present, partly in agriculture and partly in manufacture, yields a far larger return. The political and social advantages which may be immediately connected with different modes of landed tenure are legitimate subjects of discussion; but the pretence that the land is required as a refuge for the victims of trade combination is one of the most perverse excuses for an attempt to confiscate property. The old English commonplace which identified liberty with property was suggested by the encroachments of the Crown, but it is at least equally applicable to the communistic projects of modern democracy.

THE OBJECTS OF EDUCATION.

IT is tolerably certain that most people, if they were asked to explain the uses of education, would reply with confidence that its aim and object was to improve the mind. This answer, however apparently unimpeachable, has the disadvantage of not advancing any human being a single step beyond the starting-point in the inquiry. To say that education is meant to improve the mind is merely equivalent to saying that education's great triumph is to be education. We are still left in the dark as to what the improvement of the mind is—a problem which depends, first, on the signification we attach to the word mind, and secondly, on our notion of improvement. One not uncommon view about the mind is that it is a sort of flower-garden. Just as Adam was put in the Garden of Eden to till it and to dress it, it is thought that man's duty in life is to act as a sort of gardener to his mind—to cultivate it as far as it is susceptible of cultivation, and

to stock it with every description of plant, from the tree of knowledge down to tulips. On this theory it is plain that the more one can manage to get into the mind the better, always supposing that we take care not to overplant. Another and a very different conception about the mind is that it is a machine. Each of us has to use his faculties for the purpose either of advancing in life, or of transacting business; and the sharper and brighter the instrument, the better it will be likely to achieve its task. The exact nature of the finish to be given to the tool will, however, on this principle vary according to the nature of the work to be done. The lawyer and the clergyman, the doctor and the merchant, will each require a different kind of training; some will need oil, some the whetstone, some a homely and substantial bluntness. It is evident that our ideas of education will, in each instance, be modified according to the purpose which we want our education to serve. And independently of these special objects, there is, we may assume, a species of common education which all of us would desire to possess, as members of one social body. Everybody would like, not only to follow his own line, but to understand to a certain degree the various lines which those around him are following, and to be able to meet his neighbours on some common ground. Education, therefore, is by no means a term which can be defined offhand. It is not surprising that people should disagree about the method to be pursued, or that they should entertain diametrically opposite opinions about the value of classics, of science, or of mathematics as the basis of an educational curriculum. The controversy which has recently begun, and which seems likely to pass into a species of pitched battle between the classicists and the anti-classicists, cannot be settled until we arrive at some distinct conception of what we mean by education, and what we conceive to be, in the main, the object towards which it should be directed.

People will never have a clear view about education till they get a clear view of what they wish to do with it. The puzzling thing about the whole subject is that, though all of us know pretty well what we wish to make of ourselves by means of education, very few of us are inclined to agree as to what we wish to make of our fellow-creatures. The main end of life in the eyes of each individual is, no doubt, success. To get on, to push a little further to the conspicuous part of the platform, to rise from being a supernumerary behind the scenes to being a principal performer in front, is supposed to be a noble ambition, which does not perhaps exhaust all that can be said about man's duty in the world, but which works tolerably well. Every now and then amiable people pretend to long to see every one else actuated by this principle. They do not always really mean all that their good nature teaches them to say. Country squires, for instance, can have no violent desire to see the whole body of agricultural labourers rising in the world, for the excellent reason that, if the latter were to rise in the world, they would soon give up being agricultural labourers. The object of the education usually given to the poor in the rural parts of England is not in reality to help them on, to inspire them with intelligence and energy enough to migrate to the larger towns or to a colony; still less to make labouring men conscious of the fact that the strength of labour, and the only way in which it can meet capital on equal terms, is by unity and co-operation. It is rather to teach them to do their duty in that state of life to which, as the Catechism very appropriately says, they have been called. The whole duty of the villager is obvious. He ought to practise economy and sobriety, to prevent his children from having low fever in the village, and his wife from becoming a burden to the parish, to keep his hands from poaching, and his tongue from insubordination to the constable, the parson, and the farm-bailiff. The position of servants is another instance of the insincerity of the way in which we talk of education. Half the people we meet are full of the evil done to servants by education, by railway travelling, and by the penny post. Whatever opens their minds beyond a certain point is supposed to do them unmitigated harm; and imagination occasionally pictures a horrid American state of things in the dim future, when there will be no servants at all, and when the human race will be too haughty and independent to consent on any terms to blacken boots. If we go a little higher, and take the case of the classes above servants, we find a similar unconscious reluctance on the part of society to do too much in the way of education. The dangers of the penny press present themselves to us as a very formidable drawback. It trains the lower middle-class to be vulgar and self-asserting; it gives them a taste for thinking audaciously and talking loudly, and it converts into Odgers and Lucrafts men whose real sphere is to cut out the clothes of their superiors. Take one step higher still, and there are the same anxieties and suspicions about the value of any educational movement at all out of keeping with established ideas. We have a kind of consciousness that the classical discipline to which the world has long become accustomed has an orderly and useful influence on the mind. Science and modern inquiry, geology and chemistry, are of course, in a certain sense, necessities. Society could not get on unless we had able men poking about among gases and salts and rocks, and inventing electric telegraphs and steam-engines to minister to general convenience. But, after all these admissions, society is still haunted by a fear that the new revolutionary methods of training are fearfully unsettling. They lead to unorthodoxy, to speculation, and perhaps to political principles which well-disciplined people cannot but deplore. Whatever men's professions, they come slowly round to a view of education which is by no means the liberal

one which they proclaimed at starting. What people want is not that every individual of the social body should improve and strengthen himself, but that all improvement should be in accordance with, and distinctly limited by, the interests of existing social institutions. Thus, without being at all aware of it, they fall back on a very old and classical notion of the proper way to look at education. The existence of social order and of social classifications is a sort of major premiss on which all educational conclusion ought to be based. First get your state or your society, and then train individuals and classes to fit into their proper niches in it. The mode of setting to work about education, half-conscious though it is, is not by any means unphilosophical. The only disadvantage of it is that its excellence entirely depends on the correctness of the views which the governing classes in any country entertain about the perfection of the *status quo*.

This may be said to be a Conservative, and by no means uncommon, view of what is called the classical system. Educated men, however, have a further and perhaps a wiser way of looking at it, which gives it a considerable attraction in their eye. It is quite true that, compared with many conceivable systems of education, it is stationary, and that, when pushed to an extreme, it becomes even reactionary in its effects on the mind. But, on the other hand, it would be grossly unfair not to see that it exercises a moderating influence, not merely over the ideas of the future, but over the ideas of the past. The classical system, whatever its defects, is cultivated and moderate. It is the sworn foe of fanaticism of all kinds, not merely of that sort of fanaticism which is in favour of upheavals and of revolutions. Anybody, for example, who looks back on the history of the English Church and of English theology, cannot fail to notice the salutary results of classical training on the opinions of the nation at large. The English clergy owes a great deal to it. The narrowness, the virulence, the sectarianism of Dissent is the consequence in a great measure of the want, among Dissenters and their teachers, of the liberating and humanizing influence of all the various elements that go to make up classical training. The English Church, above all others, is a body in which the opinion of educated and learned laymen prevents the clerical body from being carried away by purely clerical ideas. The mild wisdom which at times of theological excitement interposes to hinder any one exaggerated form of religious sentiment from overwhelming and ruining the Church, does not spring from a mere spirit of progress, valuable as that may be, so much as from a liberal and balanced tone of mind which has been learnt by educated people in the course of the education they receive at school and at the Universities. There is a wide difference of temper between a member of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation and a member of the Established Church, which makes itself felt at critical moments, and which throws cold water on rash enthusiasm. The whole question of classical training is, accordingly, political and social. We cannot settle it by considering only what the classics do for this or for that individual. The system is part and parcel of the mechanism of the body politic. And it is seldom that one listens to the controversy about its merits without being aware that such controversy is more or less desultory, and does not go to the root of the matter. The difference between the rival disputants is at bottom a political difference, only they have not the courage to say so; and they go on arguing over conclusions without perceiving that they are not in harmony about primary principles. Some wish to see the world altered, society changed and modified, social distinctions abrogated, and the vantage-ground which this or that class possesses taken from it and shared among the rest. Others, on the whole, are pretty well satisfied that no change will ever make mankind, or even England, much better, freer, or happier. They think that the systems of government, of theology, and of political economy that they have already, if not perfect, are at all events sufficient, and they fear to substitute for them the uneasy, unsystematic movement of a restless, changing tone. Belief in the principle of great social changes is the real gulf that separates the classical admirer of dead languages from the assailant of Greek and Latin grammar.

From the simple point of view of what is best for the cultivation of individual taste and character, we do not think that there can be much serious doubt as to the conclusions to be accepted. Common sense would end by assigning the victory neither to the people who are for swamping the classics, nor to those who are for maintaining a sort of classical monopoly. We have had during the vacation a number of speeches, pamphlets, and lectures about education. Few of them really discuss the question from a large and political aspect, so that they do not seriously touch the bottom of the difficulty. They are content to deal with classics on a narrower ground, and to bandy to and fro a kind of controversial shuttlecock about the effects produced by Greek and Latin on individual minds. And if we are willing to confine the issue to this, we cannot doubt as to the most rational solution of the problem. Classics are not perhaps the panacea that some people represent them, but they are far more than their enemies and detractors allow. The ears of the Scotch are still ringing with the brilliant one-sided speech of Mr. Lowe on which we have commented on a previous occasion, and a week did not pass before Mr. Lowe was answered from an Edinburgh Professorial chair, by Professor Sellar, who, like Mr. Lowe, has the advantage of being more than a mere scholar. Turning from a Parliamentary debater to a University Professor would not always be a transition from exaggerated rhetoric to an atmosphere of learned common sense, but Mr.

Lowe's language, curiously enough, is far less sensible than that employed about Greek and Latin by one of their best University champions. A part of Mr. Lowe's speech was obviously unanswerable. Undoubtedly Greek and Latin often have the lion's share of influence in education. But what impartial persons felt they had to complain of in Mr. Lowe was the insobriety and incontinence of that part of his speech which was not unanswerable. And when the answer to it is simply and quietly stated, it seems to be conclusive. If we are to take individual minds, the classical system does a vast amount of good, which it is idle as well as ungrateful to forget. Professor Sellar summed up fairly and adequately the points overlooked by those who are disposed to enter on a wild crusade against Greek and Latin; and after a burst of rhetoric and of paradox, it is a pleasant contrast to turn to views about the classics which are just and temperate. In the first place, the dead languages of the ancient world introduce us to the finest and most finished literature the world has ever known. If travelling into foreign countries enlarges the mind, surely travelling into the past has a similar effect. The politics of antiquity alone are well worth studying, if it were only to give us a clear and independent view about the political ideas and instincts of our own age. Philosophy, politics, and literature have for these two thousand years been performing a regular evolution. There is hardly a modern thought, either in the metaphysical or in the political world, which cannot be traced back to the best writers of Greece and Rome. Democracy, imperialism, scepticism, even positivism, could scarcely be understood better than by illustrations from the past. Few political students can afford to neglect the critical histories of Grote or Mommsen—not to speak of Thucydides, Sallust, or Tacitus. What literary standard can be fixed for poets and historians without an acquaintance with the noblest and most perfect specimens of literary and historical art? No logical discipline is equal to the logical discipline acquired by mastering the thoughts of Aristotle. No ethical science can stand by itself without reference to Plato and Cicero. All that can be said is that there are other sources of education which should not be despised. So much may fairly be granted. But the assault on classical literature comes then at most to this, that it ought not to monopolize our attention. It is not that we ought not to do these things, but that we ought not to leave other things undone. There may be people who attribute to the classics an undue importance, but it surely is as vital and as narrow a heresy to attribute to them no importance at all. Up to this point Professor Sellar's reply to Mr. Lowe is unimpeachable. Like other defences of the classical system, it fails to exhaust the question so long as it is not followed up by some clear systematic statement of what are to be the objects of education in general. That classical training does all this and more for individuals is undeniable, but we still want to know how it works, not as the basis merely for individual cultivation, but as part of a political system. If considerable changes are likely to take place in the education of the nation generally, it would indeed be idle not to see that the position of the classical system must be affected. Already stormier passions seem to underlie the controversy than can be accounted for on any merely literary grounds. The people who attack or defend Greek and Latin profess to be dealing with the languages, but in reality they are striking their blow at something that lies behind. What seems to the casual spectator to be merely æsthetic discussion is the first dropping shower of the sharpshooters who are soon about to commence a quarrel of class instincts. The danger is that the *corpus vile* over which the struggle takes place may go to pieces in the middle of it. It would be impossible to accept as satisfactory a state of things in which the classics would monopolize the education of the upper, and be excluded from the education of the middle, classes. If the world is on the whole changing, and new fields of thought and activity are opening to it, the wisest policy will be, without abandoning our hold on the literature of the past, to reform our plan of teaching it to suit the necessities of the age, and to banish from that plan whatever is arbitrary or pedantic, or a mere expenditure of time. To use a cant phrase, what is requisite is not a class method of classical training, but a national one, if classics are to occupy a noble and useful place, not merely in finishing the minds of a few, but in enlarging the ideas of the many.

ENGLISH MUNICIPALITIES.

SHREWD as a journal may be in catching the tone of common talk, it finds it a far harder thing to catch the tone of those popular sentiments which do not express themselves in talk. Every one, for instance, was amused a few weeks ago at the language of the *Times* about Garibaldi. One morning he was a desperado, and the next a hero; then the Italian Government were to back him, then they were to put him down; at last he was recommended to die, but the next day's article suggested that the death should be considered very heroic, and be made as comfortable as possible for him. The truth is, this was just one of the cases where organs which do not profess to do more than express public opinion will always be at fault between popular talk and popular sentiment. In popular talk, Garibaldi was an adventurer and a desperado; he had sent the Funds down, and lighted a conflagration in Europe which might keep them down for ten years to come; but the very talkers talked all this with a secret liking for the man and his cause in their hearts, and, though gratified that Garibaldi was safe under lock and key at Spezia, growled within themselves at the French and their

Chassepots at Monte Rotondo. It was just the same with Lord Mayor's Day, though here the difficulty was even more amusingly illustrated by the conflicting voices of the great and the little Jupiter. Both claim equally to be the infallible exponents of public opinion, and here, if anywhere, was just one of those social topics upon which public opinion might be expected to speak clearly; but on the question of the great civic celebration it was plain that two very different publics had made their way into the editorial sanctuaries of the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Times* was dead against the glass-coach, the *Telegraph* enthusiastically for it; the *Telegraph* saw in the mutilated procession a warning to all future Lord Mayors to return to the men in armour, the *Times* saw in it a presage of the extinction of the show altogether. It is hard to decide between rival Thunderers, but in this matter it seems to us that the elder is repeating simply the phrases of a day gone by, and that, in discerning and following a current of popular sentiment which is setting in the exactly opposite direction, the younger Thunderer is in the right.

The usual talk about "useless pageants" and "incongruous anachronisms" is in fact a mere parrot-like repetition of phrases which expressed the blind aversion of the Reformers of 1834 to the very symbols of municipal existence. The aversion was far from being a causeless or irrational one. For at least two centuries municipal government in England had passed into a mere mockery; almost every town was governed by the small self-electing clique of a close corporation; great centres of trade and commerce were handed over to the uncontrolled domination of petty oligarchies, who ruled with all the pride, the greed, and the corruption of oligarchies. In one place, lucrative civic offices were almost hereditary in certain favoured families; another, like Oxford in the middle of the eighteenth century, paid its corporate debts by the unblushing sale of its representation in Parliament. In nine boroughs out of ten the great bulk of the burgesses were without any real voice in the administration of their own affairs. The very name, in fact, of corporations had become abhorred, and it was natural enough that the first fury of the reformed municipalities should vent itself on processions and insignia which they associated with a merely oligarchic and corrupt past. Gowns, dining-tables, maces, plate, all were ordered to be sold in the first fervour of 1834. But the fervour soon passed away, though, as we have seen, its phrases remain. It was impossible that, when once the citizens had made the borough their own, they should fail to be imbued with the sentiment of municipal tradition. English towns have none of the mighty Roman fragments of Arles or the amphitheatres of Verona and Nîmes to recall a life that stretches from the old world into the new; but, on the other hand, their past and present are continuous and unbroken. There has been no re-mapping of local divisions on this side the Channel, no jealous stamping out of local jurisdictions, no Préfet superseding Mayor or Echevins, as in France, no Quæstor superseding Consuls, as in Italy. Oxford is not so old or so grand as Rouen, but the chief magistrate of Rouen has dwindled into a Government official, while the Mayor of Oxford, if he has but command of nine policemen, of whom one is superannuated and the rest incapable, is still the lineal descendant of the Mayor named in the charter of John. Older municipalities than our own of course still exist on the Continent, and even the Lord Mayor, with his unbroken descent from Fitz-Alwyne, must have felt modern when a year back he entertained at his table the Burgomaster of Bruges; but on the Continent they are struggling with little hope of prolonged existence against the advancing tide of officialism, while here they are in no danger at all. The only harm that could happen to them, if their present constitution were extinct, would be the falling back on some older constitution still. The case has actually occurred in some boroughs; at Taunton, for instance, the charter which gave the town a Mayor and Corporation either lapsed to or was seized by the Crown, and Taunton at once fell back on the form of government which existed before the charter was given. A handbill proclaiming the usual "Law-day" for this borough lies before us, and in its way, as a cool reproduction in modern times of a form of municipal life which was almost universally superseded eight centuries ago, it is very curious indeed. The town, we find, is governed by the Portreeve of times before the Conquest, by post-Conquest bailiffs and constables; each street has its alderman, each Rhine or drain its "ridder." Then come the memories of the old trade organizations in shamble-keepers and ale-tasters, searchers and sealers of letters, cornhill keepers, and searchers of green skins. Taunton, in fact, has fallen quietly back on the constitution it enjoyed when the borough of Ini nestled under the fostering wings of its episcopal lords, the Bishops of Winchester; nor do we see why, if a similar chance occurred, London might not do the same. The *Times* ventured, in the course of the article in which it doomed the Lord Mayor's Show to extinction, on an historical statement, and, considering the fate of former attempts, the venture showed sufficient audacity to deserve success. It pronounced the presentation of the Lord Mayor to the Barons of the Exchequer to be a mere form, and assured all nervous aspirants to the office that, should the Barons refuse to accept them, their refusal would make no difference in the world. We are afraid that in actual law their refusal would make the slight difference that the Lord Mayor Elect would simply cease to be Lord Mayor Elect, and that Liverymen and Aldermen would have to betake themselves to a fresh election. But the difference between the results of his due presentation and of no presentation at all would, we fear, be a little more serious. The omission of the

Times' anachronism would, in all probability, involve the forfeiture of the City charters. The condition on which the right of choosing their chief magistrate was granted to the burghers of London was his confirmation by the Crown, and we are not aware that the condition has ever been repealed. It is comforting, however, to remember, should over-confidence in the law or history of Printing-house Square ever bring about such a catastrophe, that there were portreeves before there were mayors, and that if the charters of Richard and his successors lapsed, the lapse would only bring the old English magistrate to life again. We see no reason why the Portreeve of London should not appear in the Court of Exchequer with that wondrous little bit of parchment in his hand—it still lies in the City archives—by which the Conqueror confirmed to Godfrey the Portreeve, and to the burghers of London, the privileges they had enjoyed under Edward the Confessor. Whether, however, a sense of the real dignity of their municipal traditions be the cause or not, it is certain that the popular current, which in 1834 set so strongly against the symbols of municipal existence, has of late years been setting steadily the other way. The very corporations who sold their insignia by public auction in the hour of Reform are, for the most part, eager to deck their Mayors again with the gold chain of office, and to reclothe them in purple and fine linen. In the smaller towns this was natural enough, but the reaction is often very amusing. We heard the other day of an obscure corporation in the West, over which the storm of retrenchment had swept with more than its usual violence, but whose order for the sale of the civic treasures was never carried into effect, for the simple reason that plate and maces had mysteriously disappeared. A new spirit, however, came by degrees over the little town, and at last a worthy alderman responded to the regrets of his fellow-citizens by the production and restoration of the long-lost articles. He had coolly buried them in his garden to save them from the spoiler, and now that the day he looked for has come, the gratitude of the town more than condones the felony. But even the larger and busier towns give tokens of the same spirit. Manchester buys its gold chain, and Hull repurchases the corporation dining-tables.

In the face of all this we quite agree with the younger Thunderer, that it is idle to repeat the mere phrases of a moment of revolution, and to condemn a ceremony which commemorates the installation of the first municipal officer of the land as nothing but an anachronism. If anything could be idler it would be the repetition of sarcasms about "pageants" and the like, which, if they have any bearing at all, bear equally against any State celebration whatever. We need not embarrass the question by muddling it with the far larger one, whether the Corporation of London is not, as it stands, as great a mockery of corporate existence as its fellows which were swept away; if it is so, the obvious remedy is to extend to it the same measure of reform which was extended to them. It is ridiculous that such an extension should be barred for one moment by cant about ancient rights and immemorial privileges, which shows in those who use it the profoundest ignorance of the whole subject of English municipal history. The Reform of 1834 was simply the restoration of a past older far than the rights and privileges of the close corporations; it was the restoration of the whole body of citizens to rights of self-government which the Crown and the wealthier burgher-class had wrested or filched away. Up to the beginning of the fourteenth century, the government of the boroughs of England was vested in the hands of their own burgesses, and the sole qualification for a burgess was the possession of a house within the city bounds. It was a liberty not reached at a single step, being the result in most cases of the purely English fact that the boroughs were part of the royal demesne, and that the distant King was glad to commute his rights of justice and taxation in return for prompt and regular payment of his dues. The struggles with the mediæval nobles, which play so important a part in the municipal annals of France, Germany, or Italy, were rare in England, partly no doubt because few towns of any importance were in their hands, partly from the relative weakness of their class. It is in the West alone that we find such struggles as that of the Berkeleys with Bristol, or of Exeter with the Courtenays. Even here, however, the towns were successful; and it was only in its contest with the great ecclesiastical lords that the spirit of municipal liberty found itself foiled. There is no sadder page in the whole story than that of the long desperate battle which the men of St. Albans waged against their Abbots, and the chicanery, the patient, unscrupulous fraud by which the Abbots defeated them. For the most part the ecclesiastical towns had to wait for their freedom till the Reformation; but with the exception of this single class almost all the towns of England were, throughout the thirteenth century, self-governed and free. And to the general liberty which England itself then won they had contributed not a little. It was not merely that the men of London were, in the great struggle under Montfort, on the right side, as they were on the right side at Hastings, or at Newbury, but that, in those obscure boroughs of which London was the illustrious head, the traditions of constitutional freedom had been preserved through the stern ages of the Norman rule. It was something that, when the voice of Godwine could be heard no more and the free Parliament of the Witan had perished with his son, town-mote and borough-mote lived on still to preserve the habit of free discussion and the memory of popular legislation. The ruin of that municipal freedom was owing, not as on the Continent, to causes from without, but to an enemy far more deadly than king or baron—an enemy within. The

great increase of wealth in the merchant class during the reigns of the second and third Edwards, and the additional importance which was given to the trade guilds by the sudden extension of foreign commerce, resulted in a steady effort for the overthrow of the older democratic constitution, which, in spite of the heroic opposition of the masses, was at last successful. The Crown, thrown by the drain of the French wars on the support of the moneyed classes, backed them in their attempts, and by the close of the fourteenth century the weary contest had almost universally ended in the institution of Common Councils composed of the richer order of burgesses and usually self-elective, within whose narrower circle all power of municipal government and the constitutional privilege of representation in Parliament was henceforth confined. From that moment the interest of the story disappears. The corporations dwindle into the useful tools of the ally by whose aid they had acquired their usurped power, the sovereigns of the house of York flatter them, those of the line of Tudor fling them part of the spoils of the Church, but only on condition that they should pass, as far as their Parliamentary rights were concerned, into nomination boroughs of the Crown. The wholesale displacements under Charles II. and his brother revealed their serfdom; corruption and incapacity were their sole characteristics through the age of the Georges. So wholly had their story passed out of the minds of men that there is still not a history of our country which devotes a single page to it, and there is hardly an antiquary who has cared to disentomb the tragic records of fights fought for freedom in this narrow theatre from the archives which still contain them. The treatise of Brady written from a political, that of Madox from a narrow antiquarian, point of view; the summaries of charters given by the Commissioners under the Municipal Reform Act; the volumes of Stephens and Merewether, and here and there a little treatise on isolated towns, like that of Mr. Thompson on Leicester, are the only printed materials for the study of the subject. Materials unprinted exist in profusion. No civic archives save those of Italy are so rich as our own, and the first step in any sound investigation would be the printing of the charters and civic documents which our archives contain. We urge this, as we have urged it before, on the Master of the Rolls; there are no historic documents remaining for his editors, beyond those in hand, which can at all compare in real importance with these priceless memorials of the past. The social and municipal aspects of our history are just those which are most unknown, and on these such a publication would throw a flood of light. The corporations are, for the most part, too poor to print the contents of their archives themselves; and it is just one of those undertakings which need, and would abundantly repay, the aid of the Government. It would be an odd, but not an unlikely, thing, if the setting about this great enterprise were the result of the contest about Lord Mayor's Day.

ANARCHY.

WE do not propose to discuss in much detail the recent proceedings of the Reform League, or the immediate aspect of Fenianism, or the present conduct of such pinchbeck demagogues as Beales or Lucraft, Bradlaugh or Finlan. How and by what steps things have come to the pass in which we find ourselves may be usefully inquired into, and there is a time and place for exposing the hollowness and folly of the arguments of those who have been, during the week, agitating for the remission of capital punishment in favour of the Manchester murderers. Elsewhere we have not shrunk from taking up this investigation and argument. But there is a broader and more general aspect of the political situation of this country which requires a somewhat wider treatment. We are, as a mere fact, approaching to what is very near to anarchy. The last days are spoken of emphatically as the lawless ones; and the final apostasy is described as the tyranny of the Lawless One. It wants, perhaps, neither an Apocalyptic seer in Patmos nor in Chelsea to persuade us that the last of social evils is the disruption of society. History is only a long record of the progress of law, and every year and every discovery only attests the universal reign of law and order. Whenever, therefore, there is a wide feeling—and that feeling not a mere hysterical delusion of Latter-Day prophets, or a sudden panic possessing itself of the popular nerves, but based upon undeniable facts—that the foundations of society are menaced, it is time to look about us. We shall not waste words to prove that at the present moment society here in England—we do not mean what is called "good society" alone, or the humdrum hearth of quiet folks to whom law and order are a matter of course like the sun and air and common earth—is persuaded, and upon some solid tangible grounds of belief, that we are somehow or other drifting into an abeyance of law and order. Authority is felt to be paralysed, to reside nowhere, not to be accessible, to be resolving itself into a dry formula or barren theory—one or all of these things. Exception may be taken to the preciseness or adequacy of these expressions; but we all know that they point to the same thing, and that thing we cannot any of us venture to say does not exist. That it does exist at all, or even that the sense and feeling of it exists, and that not among fools or theorist preachers or dotards alone, is a very serious matter for a State or community. All the pooh-poohing which cynics can elaborate, all the substantial reasons why it should not be so, do not alter the fact. That fact we assume; and if its existence is

denied, we have no concern with such hardy disputants. What, then, is public duty in such a state of things?

The popular answer is—Let things alone; there is nothing really to be alarmed about; the three tailors of Tooley Street only get laughed at when they affect to be the people of England; to invoke the might and majesty of the British Empire against Lucraft and Odger and Finlan, and their small swagger, is something more ridiculous than cracking a nut with a steam-hammer, a tempest in a teapot, &c. &c. We at once concede that all this is very true and very sensible and very everything else that may be said of it contemptuously or sneeringly. But it just happens not to meet the case. The case is this. We have no fear whatever for the stability of our institutions; and we know precisely what the great heart of the people is, and what all our imperial grandeur and strength and dignity is; and it is precisely because we have for many months been obliged to read and scrutinize every speech and every action of the leaders of disorder, that we form an opinion of them tenfold more contemptuous than that of the ordinary newspaper readers, and the commonplace politicians of the railway and omnibus, the commercial-rooms, and the clubs. It is because we know so very much about the ringleaders of sedition that we pronounce the present agitators to be the most loathsome, petty, and miserable impostors who ever breathed. But that, these men being what they are, we should be where we are, and simply and only because of these most contemptible persons, only makes matters much worse. And this worse becomes worst, when we consider the other plea for authority doing nothing and stepping aside. We admit that the sedition is all sure to fail. But its final failure, if left to itself, will be the result of a process which we own we do not altogether like to contemplate. The British mind is an awkward mind to provoke and tease too far. It takes a good deal, we are aware, to stir us up thoroughly. We are a long-suffering, patient, somewhat thick-skinned, and, we believe, rather an idle kind of creature. The drayman who lets his wife pinch and slap him for half an hour, and only grins in stupid forbearance, is not a very manageable brute when the suppressed element of brutality lurking in his nature is once kindled. We all know what came of resolving not to see what India was coming to. That was England all over; and unfortunately it was England all over when it came to taking vengeance for the mutiny. The thing that hath been will be. We have got a certain name and character for knowing how at last to suppress a rebellion or a mutiny, and we confess we hardly like to look so far forward as to forecast the inevitable day when the decent taxpayers and the unimpeachable hearth-worshippers shall run to and fro for blood, and still be unsatisfied. The quiet man, when the devil is thoroughly stirred up in him, is the most dangerous, as of enemies so of avengers.

To be convinced of this, as "the bitter end" in store for rebels and sedition-mongers, disposes of the last shred of our not unnatural and not unnamable procrastination when we whimper something about the difficulty of drawing the line. After all, we say, this Clerkenwell Meeting, or that raid on the Home Office, or Finlan's last brag, or Bradlaugh's last bounce, is not so much worse than all that has been going on for a twelvemonth and more. We winked at Potter; we smiled serene disdain at Beales. The processions were shabby and failed, or at any rate came to nothing. Hyde Park, to be sure, was an awkward fact; but as yet the Bank has not been fortified. Brett's murder, again, was not pleasant, it must be admitted; but we have convicted the murderers. So that, as aforesaid, it is hard to draw the line. Finlan's sedition is not very much worse, though perhaps it is a trifle worse, than Odger's, or, for the matter of that, Beales's. It cannot, therefore, we are told, be prudent or politic to arrest or prosecute Finlan, or to prohibit the torchlight meeting at Clerkenwell. Besides, the Government is showing vigour. The Guards were sent to Oxford, where they were as much wanted as when, in George I.'s time, a military occupation of that famous seat of learning took place. Perhaps, therefore, it will all die out. It is too contemptible to notice; even the *Morning Star* can only treat Finlan as a pestilential fool. In short, we cannot draw the line. We cannot be certain that the pear is ripe. It may do more harm than good to interfere. This, again, is sensible; but we answer—If authority does not draw the line, the line will draw itself. And this is only to say, what we have just hinted, that the ugly day may come when society will remit the matter into other hands than those of a hesitating Home Secretary. And this is precisely what we do not want to be the solution. The line can be drawn with precision enough even now, and in faint blue ink as yet; at least we hope so. We do not want it drawn in red ink; which is the alternative. No doubt there is that in the composition of humankind which Horace describes as a streak of mad lion, and we freely admit that the element is vulgar, coarse, untamed, and altogether ferine. We do not apologize for it, or invoke it; we only call attention to its existence, even in the English character. We must have strangely changed if it is absorbed by all our late development of prosperity and progress; and neither men nor leopards nor nations change either spots or nature in a decade or so of years. Not that we are so sentimental as to suppose that our hints or advice will be taken by Finlan and his like. We should as soon think of arguing with a wild cat or a mosquito. But Finlan is a human creature, we suppose—for we have not had the opportunity of investigating his hippocampus, or whatever it is, according to the best authorities, that makes the generic distinction between man and ape. And in the interest of even Finlan himself, and such as Finlan, we at once say that he must be put down.

The usual arguments for interference are perhaps good enough, but they are not quite all that may be said. Of course authority cannot afford to become quite ridiculous, or, anyhow, to remain ridiculous for ever. One day of weeping Walpole was more than enough. Of course, too, it does matter to us in all sorts of ways what is thought of us in every civilized country in either hemisphere; and it will be of real consequence, even to our grand and flourishing trade and commerce, if it comes to be generally believed by foreign nations that, somehow or other, we cannot or will not prevent our policemen being murdered one by one on their beats, or that we cannot or will not punish an armed rescue of prisoners, or that we are afraid to execute law and justice on the murderers of the representatives of law and the guardians of the public peace. We quite see that it is rather a serious matter that a great nation should allow one of its first Ministers to be openly threatened with murder if he only does his duty to the Crown and people, and that no notice whatever should be taken of this threat. We can even understand that, if we allow ourselves to be insulted in our own family, we shall not be treated with much respect abroad; and that some day or other—and that perhaps not a distant day—we may have to pay, in the shape of an American war or a French war or a Prussian war or a Russian war, for our apathy to insults at home. But above and beyond all this there remains even something more to say, and this is our answer to the last pretence and excuse for forbearance.

It is said, the days of political prosecutions are over, and it is an unwise policy to make martyrs. But what if it is true that the days of political prosecutions are over only because the necessity of political prosecutions was supposed to have ceased? Only to do the Ministers of 1848 justice, they acted with vigour and decision, and they succeeded. The form which Feargus O'Connor's sedition took was not the form into which Beales and Finlan cast their little mischief. But the precedent set in the prompt and loyal recognition of responsibility and duty by the Whigs in 1848, and their instant and successful prohibition of the political meetings of Cochrane and Reynolds, has not been followed by Earl Derby. Last year the weekly nuisances in Trafalgar Square were permitted, and indeed protected, by the police. The Home Office treated Beales as an equal authority. The League, whenever it chose, showed that it was the master of London. These things have borne their fruit, and Mr. Hardy has to do this winter—and to do under aggravated and daily increasing difficulties—what ought to have been done last winter by his predecessor in office. To this we must make up our minds; if the political air is overcharged with electricity there must be an explosion, and the damage will only be the greater the longer it is before the storm bursts. Society thought that it had done quite enough in 1848, both to disperse the dangerous elements and to vindicate, for a generation at least, its own moral force. The lesson wants repeating, both for the sake of the middle-classes, who have begun to forget that on them, after all, will fall the burden of defence, and especially for the sake of the working-men who have been so petted and befuddled that they are in danger of forgetting what manner of men they are who pretend to be their representatives, and who are in reality not only public enemies, but the special foes of their own class. Moreover, when it is said that by interference we shall only make martyrs of Finlan and his gang, we reply—Be it so. Martyrdom, after all, is not so pleasant. It is all very well for these puny patriots to glory in the sweet memories of Emmett, and to invoke the shades of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and to fancy that it is very fine to be even as Masaniello or Garibaldi, or any other crack-brained rebel; but in practice fine and imprisonment are not pleasant. And it will be our own fault if in this case we do not make the punishment of a grave social crime decidedly and unmistakably unpleasant to its perpetrators.

MAGISTRATES AND THEIR CENSORS.

JUSTICES of the Peace are allowed to be an anomalous class of beings, and it is certain that they are sometimes put to very strange uses. We once came across one member of the order who complained that so much of his time was taken up by the crowd of people, high and low, far and near, who came to consult him about their difficulties with their wives. By an improvement on this idea, another gentleman was grievously importuned by a couple who had found out each other's incompatibility of temper, and who were both surprised and disappointed at finding that his Worship did not possess the power of divorcing them on the spot. A third was appealed to as the ultimate authority when an American letter was thought to be overcharged, and the suitor was with some difficulty made to understand that there was no way of summoning the Postmaster-General, either of the United Kingdom or of the United States, before the local Petty Sessions. In all these cases the public was clearly disposed to over-rate the authority of the local ministers of the law, and was seemingly willing to trust their discretion even in those great matters which the law looks upon as too high for them. When men find that the world at large is still disposed to magnify their office, they may perhaps be excused if they do somewhat magnify it themselves. Here and there we now and then hear of undue stretches of authority, of vestiges of that rude patriarchal justice which, Lord Macaulay tells us, notwithstanding innumerable blunders and occasional acts of oppression, was still better than no justice at all. But the law has provided ample means for the redress of such grievances. A conviction which is

contrary to law or fact may be appealed against to a higher court and a penalty disproportionate to the offence comes within the scope of the Royal prerogative of mercy. It may be as well to note, for the instruction of Mr. Gathorne Hardy on the one hand and of Mr. P. A. Taylor on the other, that wrongful convictions do sometimes take place at Petty Sessions, and that such wrongful convictions are sometimes quashed on appeal to Quarter Sessions. In a debate during the last Session of Parliament, Mr. Hardy seemed equally shocked at the idea that a county magistrate could ever go wrong, and Mr. Taylor at the idea that a county magistrate could ever go right. We can assure both legislators that Justices of the Peace are neither angels nor demons, but ordinary human beings, who sometimes go right and sometimes wrong. Wrongful convictions have before now been known to be made by county magistrates. But such wrongful convictions, even in matters touching the sacred and heaven-descended game-laws, have been known to be set aside by other county magistrates. This fact may lead Mr. Hardy to understand that Justices of the Peace may sometimes go wrong, and Mr. Taylor to understand that Justices of the Peace may sometimes go right. In short, in this case as in others, the law has provided means for the redress of possible wrongs, and those means, if not always perfect, are sometimes at least found to be effectual.

The law then has guarded with some care against the possibility of a wrongful conviction, and against the possibility of a disproportionate penalty when the conviction is rightful. In the latter case the Home Office can step in, and sometimes does step in. Some people may be inclined to think that the freaks of the Home Office are at least as wonderful as the freaks of the Justices themselves. But, as the Justices have their votaries, so has the Home Office. And no wonder; there is something grand and mysterious about it; there is something striking in the idea of a single official, shrouded, like Philip the Second, in the secrecy of his chamber, dealing his blows from afar, rebuking the wrong-doer and breaking the chains of the innocent. To be sure those who are not behind the scenes are apt to dream of a personal interference on the part of the great man himself, when, in sad truth, the wonder-working edict comes only from some very subordinate personage before whom, if brought into the light of day, no one would feel specially called upon to bow down. The power at any rate exists somewhere, and it is sometimes invoked in a very odd way. A zealous clergyman, for instance, finds one of his parishioners sent to prison in a way of which he does not approve. He writes at once to the Home Secretary, ordering rather than praying him to telegraph at once for the man's release. Amongst other things the Home Secretary is here expected to do, by way of justice, what in a magistrate would be rightly branded as the height of injustice—namely, to act upon the hearing of one side only. There are therefore abundant means of correcting the magistrates if their sentences err on the side of severity. But what if they are too lenient? What if the wrong-doer, what if the poacher himself, is let off too easily? For this case the law has not provided. The law, we have always been taught, holds that, of the two evils, it is better that the guilty should escape than that the innocent should be punished. On somewhat of the same principle, the sentence of every authority may be lightened by a higher authority, but the power of aggravation of sentences is not vested anywhere. If a man is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, there is a power which can release him after a week or a day. But if he is sentenced for a week only, nothing short of a Bill of Pains and Penalties can keep him in gaol a day longer.

To some minds, it would seem, there is here a defect in our law, and among them appears to be a certain Colonel Pryse, the present Lord-Lieutenant of Cardiganshire. This dignitary, whose fame has hitherto not spread very widely beyond his own county, evidently thinks that the power of aggravation should be vested somewhere. And, as the law has not vested it in any one else, Colonel Pryse seems to hold that it would be not amiss if it were vested in the Lord-Lieutenant. From a correspondence which has been lately published in the *Times*, it appears that a magistrate of Cardiganshire, Mr. Buck, acting jointly with a brother Justice, sentenced several offenders, poachers of salmon, to a certain penalty, namely a fine of 3s. 8d., including costs. As the law now stands, there is no power anywhere to make their sentence any heavier. To the Lord-Lieutenant it seems too light. He accordingly writes to Mr. Buck, saying that "it has come under his notice" that Mr. Buck and another magistrate had done so and so, and that he will be "obliged by Mr. Buck informing him whether there were in his opinion any special reasons for inflicting a penalty of such trifling amount as to probably [*sic*] bring the law into dispute, and tend to the encouragement of its infraction." No one can suppose that this is a friendly letter from one gentleman to another. Men do not write to their private friends about things having "come under their notice," or how they will be obliged by being informed of their friends' motives for doing so and so. If they wish to warn their friends that another line of conduct would have been better, they do not write in the grand style and break forth into flourishes about tending to the encouragement of infractions. The letter is the letter of an official superior to an official inferior. Colonel Pryse, not as Colonel Pryse, but as Lord-Lieutenant of Cardiganshire, writes to Mr. Buck as a magistrate to find fault with his conduct in a matter where the law finds no fault with it. The law fixes the maximum of penalty; it leaves the minimum to the magistrate's discretion. Mr. Buck and his colleague use that discretion in a way of which the Lord-Lieutenant happens not to approve.

Colonel Pryse does not go quite so far as to aggravate Mr. Buck's penalty by his own authority, but he goes as near it as he dares. He rates and blows up Mr. Buck for acting in a particular way in which the law bears him out in acting. A grosser case of impertinence we never saw.

It is hardly necessary to tell any one that a Lord-Lieutenant has no control whatever over the administration of justice, that a magistrate is in no way responsible to him for his official acts, and is no more bound to explain his motives to him than to any other man. If Mr. Buck is a Deputy-Lieutenant, in all matters touching Lieutenant Colonel Pryse is undoubtedly his official superior; but when Mr. Buck is acting as a Justice of the Peace, he is in no way under Colonel Pryse's control, in no way bound to look on Colonel Pryse as one set in authority over him. When Colonel Pryse writes to Mr. Buck about "coming under his notice," and being "obliged by being informed," he is simply impertinent. He has no more right to overhaul Mr. Buck's official acts than any indifferent bystander. Mr. Buck is no more responsible to him for the leniency or severity of his sentences than he is to the Coroner or the Board of Guardians or the vicar and churchwardens of the parish. The delusion on Colonel Pryse's part must have arisen from the fact that he is doubtless, like other Lords-Lieutenant, in the habit of recommending names to the Lord Chancellor for insertion in the Commission of the Peace. It is quite possible that Mr. Buck's own name may have been put there on Colonel Pryse's recommendation. Colonel Pryse seems therefore to fancy that this gives him some sort of jurisdiction or superiority over Mr. Buck. He forgets that he only recommends, and that it is not he, but the Lord Chancellor, who can put names on the Commission and strike names off it. The Lord-Lieutenant recommends because the Lord Chancellor cannot be reasonably expected to know who are fit persons to be magistrates in every corner of the country, while the Lord-Lieutenant of each county may be reasonably expected to know. But the Lord Chancellor has the power, and ever and anon exercises it, of putting people on the Commission whom the Lord-Lieutenant does not recommend, and of declining to put on those whom he does recommend. So with recommending, the Lord-Lieutenant's share in the matter ceases. Colonel Pryse has no more right to examine or rebuke Mr. Buck for his acts as a magistrate, than the Privy Councillor who may happen to have recommended Colonel Pryse for his own office has to examine or rebuke Colonel Pryse for his acts as Lord-Lieutenant. Mr. Buck, like everybody else, standeth or falleth to his own master, and that master, we repeat, is not the Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

This is not the first time that Lords-Lieutenant, and especially Welsh Lords-Lieutenant, have played odd pranks, seemingly mistaking themselves for Prefects of French Departments. It is not so long ago since a Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire undertook to settle by what surnames the gentlemen of his county should call themselves. But it is a graver matter when the Lord-Lieutenant of Cardiganshire takes upon himself to interfere with the ordinary administration of justice. They seem, however, to do things in general in Cardiganshire in a very odd way. When Mr. Buck gets the impertinent letter from Colonel Pryse, he sits down and writes, not an indignant answer, but one explaining in detail the facts of the case, and showing that there was good reason for treating these particular offenders with leniency. Not a word does Mr. Buck say against the unwarrantable interference of Colonel Pryse with his official acts. This is on October 26th. But on November 11th Mr. Buck plucks up courage and writes to the Lord Chancellor as follows:—

May I humbly pray to be instructed, for my future guidance on the Bench, whether magistrates in Petty Sessions exercising to the best of their ability and judgment the discretionary power vested in them by law, in dealing with cases of first offence under the Fishery Acts, are bound to assign reasons to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county for so doing? and whether the interference of the Lord-Lieutenant ought to exercise any influence on the future decisions of the Bench?

By return of post comes a letter from the Lord Chancellor's Secretary of Commissions, announcing the Lord Chancellor's "opinion that a Lord-Lieutenant can exercise no control over a Justice of the Peace in the performance of his magisterial duties." Thus strengthened, Mr. Buck sends the correspondence to the *Times* with this comment:—

The interference of a Lord-Lieutenant with the due administration of justice and his endeavour to control the decisions of the Bench are matters of such grave moment, that I cannot but think you will deem them of sufficient importance to come under notice in the *Times*.

Nothing can be sounder than Mr. Buck's doctrine; but it is odd that it was not equally clear to him on October 26th. In Cardiganshire so habitually under the thumb of its Lord-Lieutenant that it takes a fortnight's pondering for a magistrate to find out that he is, within the limits which the law prescribes, a free agent?

VOLUNTEER COMMANDS.

WHEN the Volunteer movement began, a good deal of uneasiness was caused by the adoption of the old rule that commissions should be granted by the Lords-Lieutenant of counties, subject of course to the approval of the Crown. Perhaps an ambition to obtain direct commissions, with the accompanying rank and prestige, had something to do with this feeling; but the main apprehension among a certain section of Volunteers was that the

technical right of granting commissions might be abused by county magistrates for the purpose of securing commands for their own friends and relations. The suspicion was one that has since been proved to be entirely unjust; but the Volunteers came from all classes, and in very large numbers from that middle-class which is prone to think that a Lord-Lieutenant must needs be a bloated aristocrat, ready for any kind of job in the interest of his friends. Long before experience had taught the Volunteers a juster appreciation of the dignitaries from whom their commissions were derived, the possibility of the dreaded abuse of power was practically removed by the manner in which the Acts of Parliament and the War Office regulations relating to the Volunteer Force were framed. The entire code was consolidated in 1863, and the precise position of the Lords-Lieutenant was then defined. The statute of that year enacts that all officers shall be appointed, with Her Majesty's approval, by the Lords-Lieutenant; but the regulations, which by the terms of the Act are equally binding with the statute, provide that the rules of each Volunteer corps shall be submitted by the commanding officer to the Lord-Lieutenant, and by him forwarded to the Secretary of State for Her Majesty's approval; and when so approved, they are regarded as legally binding. In order to show what kind of regulations would be certain of meeting this approval, a model set of rules, which any corps might adopt, was annexed to the regulations, one of which runs thus:—"The commanding officer will propose gentlemen to the Lord-Lieutenant for commission as officers; but the appointment of all officers is vested by Act of Parliament in the Lord-Lieutenant, subject to the Queen's approval."

Some fears have been recently felt that this pleasant arrangement is destined, in one case at any rate, to be broken through. One Lord-Lieutenant is said to have been tyrannical enough to refuse a high Volunteer commission to a gentleman proposed by the commanding officer of the corps. As the gentleman selected was known as a competent officer holding the Queen's commission, the recalcitrant Lord-Lieutenant himself did not, it seems, attempt to deny that he was eminently qualified for the post; but he rejected the nomination avowedly because he desired to give the vacant commission—so the story goes—to his own brother, who was not a military man at all, and was considered by the great majority of the corps in which he already held a lower commission to be unfit for the post to which he aspired. Even if the recognised practice of Lords-Lieutenant had not established a binding precedent to the contrary, every one must feel the extreme bad taste, to say the least, of such an abuse of authority, and the urgent necessity that the Queen's approval should not be given to so gross a job. The powers given to the Lords-Lieutenant are given to them in trust for the good of the corps under their jurisdiction, and through them of the country at large, and no one will seriously contend that the power of granting commissions is entrusted to a Lord-Lieutenant in order that he may use it to substitute more or less incompetent friends or relations of his own for any able officer whom the corps, through its commanding officer, may declare itself anxious to have. No public trust can be rightfully used for private ends, and in a case such as we have described there can be no question that the refusal of the Royal sanction would be the only and appropriate remedy.

The way in which these provisions have been understood by every individual Lord-Lieutenant in the country is this. The Lord-Lieutenant has considered himself at liberty to reject any name forwarded to him by the commanding officer of the corps, if any sufficiently serious personal objection attached to the character or competency of the proposed officer; but no instance, we believe, has occurred in which a Lord-Lieutenant has thought it legitimate to exercise his strict legal right by passing over a perfectly unobjectionable nomination by the commanding officer, in order to substitute a friend of his own. He might, it is true, do this according to the letter of the statute, but it would be so gross an infringement of the spirit of the enactment that the War Office could scarcely fail to refuse the Royal approval to an appointment so unpatriotic and corrupt. Happily the Lords-Lieutenant have never attempted to strain their rights to such an extent, and have never exposed themselves to the rebuke implied in the refusal of the Royal approval. Everything has, up to the present time, worked satisfactorily; no competent officer has been refused a commission, and the lurking Radical suspicion that the power given to the chiefs of counties would be abused has been charmed away by the good sense of those to whom it has been entrusted.

Most of our readers will probably be sceptical as to the possibility of so indecent an exercise of authority as that which we have described, while a few ultra-Radical Volunteers may perhaps be clamorous to learn the name of the obnoxious Lord-Lieutenant who has at last realized their fancy picture of the bloated aristocrat. Though we protest against any general inference being drawn from an isolated instance, we do not feel at liberty to conceal the name of the offender, or to withhold some further particulars which greatly aggravate the tyranny of which he has been guilty. But, to make ourselves intelligible, we must premise that there is one, and we believe only one, Lord-Lieutenant who is not an individual, but a Board; and everybody knows what a Board will sometimes do. The Volunteer Act has an interpretation clause which contains this provision:—"The term Lieutenant of a county includes as to the City of London the Commissioners of Lieutenancy for the same." It so happens that one of the finest corps in the country, the London Rifle Brigade, is under the jurisdiction of this Board of Commissioners—the Court of

Lieutenancy, as it is commonly termed—a body composed of the most respectable citizens, and standing in fraternal relations with the Court of Aldermen, many members, we believe, being common to both. This composite body is the one Lord-Lieutenant that has set the example of using public powers for the gratification of private friends, and is no doubt the only Lord-Lieutenant capable of the act. The particulars of the case are shortly these:—The London Rifle brigade is composed of two strong battalions, and is fortunate enough to have, in Colonel Warde, one of the most efficient commanding officers in the service. The Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the second battalion is now vacant, and Colonel Warde has recommended to the Court of Lieutenancy a thoroughly competent soldier to fill the post. The vast majority of the corps is known to be well pleased with their Colonel's selection, and indeed, as a man of tact and judgment, he would probably not have made it if this had not been the case. But it happens also that the Court of Lieutenancy have a brother citizen and Alderman—Sir W. Rose—who holds the commission of Major in the corps, and is supposed to consider himself worthy of promotion. As to his soldierlike bearing and capacity we do not pretend to have any opinion. Undoubtedly an Alderman may command a battalion efficiently if only he knows how. But whether Major Alderman Sir W. Rose is or is not competent for such a post, it is not suggested that he is more competent than the experienced soldier recommended by Colonel Warde, and it is certain that the corps does not desire to see its worthy Major removed from his present rank. It is no secret that on a former occasion, when Alderman Rose withdrew his pretensions to the command, he received a flattering address from many hundreds of his comrades, thanking him for the modesty which then prompted him to retire; and something like a pledge is said to have been given by him not to seek a command until he could take it with the general approval of the corps. That time, it is conceded, has not arrived; but with all these facts, well known among the members of the corps and their friends, and certainly not wholly unknown to some at least of the Court of Lieutenancy, this exalted body has thought fit to pass over the recommendation of Colonel Warde, and to appoint (subject, fortunately, to the approval of the Crown) their brother Alderman, Sir William Rose, to the command of a battalion which does not desire to serve under him, and has no confidence in his military capacity.

So the matter rests at present, and it is for the War Office to say whether the appointment is one to which the Royal approval can properly be given. If anything like this had been done by the Duke of Omnium, Lieutenant of the county of Barset, every one knows what would happen. The Minister of War, instead of notifying the approval of Her Majesty in the usual terms, would indite a letter in his hardest official style, inquiring into the circumstances, and declining to recommend the appointment for approval until satisfactory explanations had been given. But, as the Chief Baron reminded us the other day, the City is a wonderful power, and Ministers are more afraid of it than of a dozen Dukes of Omnium; and it is just possible, therefore, that the Court of Lieutenancy, if they persist, may have their own way, and may see Lieutenant-Colonel Rose in command of a battalion which will probably cease to exist exactly one fortnight after the date of his commission. They will also have the satisfaction of having slighted Colonel Warde, and rendered it impossible for him to retain a command in which he has done so much good service. It is really scarcely conceivable that even a Board can desire to do such wanton mischief, and one cannot yet abandon the hope that they will think better of it, and will remember that tyranny, which is ugly in a bloated aristocrat, is not well-favoured in an Alderman, or a body of Aldermen, whether bloated or otherwise. But should the Court prove obdurate, we would suggest to Major Rose himself that it is generally considered to be a graceful and judicious thing to decline a Volunteer command over men who are not anxious to serve under you, and that this—though it is, like most of the injunctions of the code of honour, what the casuists call a duty of imperfect obligation—does not become the less binding from having been made the subject of a formal pledge.

THE WALRUS.

NOTHING is more difficult than to predict with any degree of accuracy what men are likely to succeed in life. One man who has all the necessary talents fails from some defect of temper or over-sensitiveness, which only makes itself felt at the moment of trial; or a stupid man strangely succeeds in making determination and unity of purpose supply the place of ability; or some curious felicity enables another to slip exactly into the place that suits him, and to get on as much by his defects as his merits. Of all kinds of success, again, there is none which seems to depend upon more unaccountable circumstances than social success. Some men obtain popularity in whom a refined analysis fails to detect any special capacity for pleasing mankind; and others, who have every apparent power of being agreeable, contrive to make themselves universally disliked. The truth of this, as of many other propositions, may be illustrated, by any one who is not too proud to take a lesson from inferior creatures, by the inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens. If *Æsop* were still alive, he might pick up many excellent morals by spending a few Sunday afternoons in the Regent's Park. Some animals which have been introduced with a great flourish of trumpets,

before whom all naturalists bow down, and which excite the warmest enthusiasm of Mr. Frank Buckland, fall, so to speak, quite flat upon the public. They are advertised in the *Times*; they are declared to be making their first appearance before a civilized country, and yet somehow they don't go down; they remain mere drugs in the market. In some cases they have only themselves to blame; the *apteryx* and the aye-aye, for example, choose to retire into their dens, and retain their reprehensible habits of nocturnal wandering under totally altered conditions; but other most deserving creatures, which make every effort to secure public attention, do not seem to draw. There are few animals which have a greater popular reputation than the chamois; he is supposed to possess all sorts of semi-miraculous accomplishments, and is one of the established subjects of proverbs and travellers' tales; yet the Regent's Park chamois leads a secluded existence, cheered only by an occasional notice from some passing member of the Alpine Club, and might almost as well be on the slopes of Mont Blanc as in the heart of London. On the other hand, the established celebrities of the garden do not always seem to have correspondingly remarkable qualities. Let any look with a dispassionate eye even upon the hippopotamus, who undoubtedly made the greatest hit of modern days. What is a hippopotamus, considered in the light of reason? He is little better than a monstrous pig, a huge mass of apparently inorganic fat in an India rubber envelope. In physical appearance he is a kind of Falstaff of the animal creation; but then he is lamentably deficient in the sense of humour of his antitype. He stands and consumes enormous quantities of food with the dull persistence of an alderman at a City feast; his only notion of play is to wallow after an unwieldy fashion in his bath, and to make a certain quantity of unsavoury splashing. Yet the British public will gaze at him for hours, and come away convinced that it has seen one of the chief wonders of creation. We could understand his exciting a pardonable admiration in the mind of a half-starved pauper. Such an incarnation of sleek contentment in close confinement must represent the highest ideal to which an inmate of Farnham workhouse can very well attain; but it is strange that persons of a higher position should turn aside from the grace of the neighbouring giraffes, or even from the somewhat priggish wisdom of the elephants, to contemplate such a mass of sensual stolidity.

Renouncing then the presumptuous attempt to determine the principles upon which popular favour is distributed, we cannot predict with any confidence what may be the fate of the walrus. He has some strong points in his favour, but we must in candour admit that he will have also certain prejudices to encounter. In the first place, he scarcely comes up at present to the walrus of popular imagination. That animal, judging from the common engravings, is a beast with a face so exactly resembling the human countenance as to have given rise to the belief in mermaids. In fact, the only difference is that a certain diabolic expression is communicated to him by a pair of monstrous tusks. The present walrus has a face more like the brass lion on a knocker, and could scarcely suggest mermaids unless mermaids are supposed to wear huge moustaches and to go about wrapped in cocoa-nut matting. His tusks are still as invisible as the imaginary whiskers of a schoolboy. Moreover, he comes at some disadvantage as succeeding the sea-bear. That interesting animal very judiciously kept a private Barnum in his service; and it was a material help to the imagination to see a genuine sailor, almost bringing with him a smell of salt water; his tarpaulin hat alone was enough to carry one mentally to Cape Horn. The poor walrus is in custody of an excellent keeper, who can make no pretence to an early intimacy with the monster. Moreover, the walrus, though we are glad to hear that he is improving in health, has still the flabby and wrinkly appearance which is excusable after a compulsory diet upon salt-pork instead of moults, and a residence in a deal box instead of on an iceberg. As he fills out, he will probably become more attractive; his compromise between hind legs and a tail is well imagined, and produces some very quaint gestures; his chattering and grunting are decided improvements upon the taciturnity of the seal; and perhaps the happiest thought was that of adapting his moustache for the collection of his food. Gentlemen who dislike razors and are fond of soup will feel a keen admiration for this faculty. Finally, his deportment is, on the whole, creditable; he takes his mussels with grace and good humour, and, though he refuses the tributes of nuts and orange-peel offered by an admiring if rather indiscreet public, it is something to look at a beast who might, if he chose, insist upon being fed exclusively upon oysters. We feel grateful for his condescension in putting up with whelks.

Whatever his success may be as a zoological star, we feel sure that the walrus will find a select circle of intelligent admirers. There is an originality about his whole design which cannot fail to be attractive. He may not be beautiful, nor even amiable, but no one can say that he is commonplace. Moreover, the walrus has in a high degree one of the merits which give a special charm to the gardens. We never can look at a lion or an elephant, or any of the larger beasts, without a certain sensation of relief. Every lion necessarily implies a great tract of wild country to supply him with food. In England, where there is scarcely room for a cat to pick up a decent living except as a hanger-on of humanity, we bear about us a constant sense of oppression, as if the world were becoming too small for us; we feel like the American who did not venture to walk out in England for fear of falling over the edge; the limits of the habitable world are growing too narrow.

We see a lion, and we take some comfort by instinctively performing a rapid piece of mental arithmetic; we roughly calculate how many leagues of jungle or forest must be required to fill his larder, and we multiply the area by the presumable number of lions in existence. Repeating the process at each of the dens in succession, we feel for the moment as if we had a little more elbow-room. The buffaloes, we know, are disappearing from the face of America at the rate of so many hundred or thousand square miles in a year. Luckily there are other countries where the process of animal depopulation is not going on so fast. As we visit beast after beast, we catch a faint whiff of their native haunts, of forest or prairie or swamp, and feel disposed to give thanks that there is a little spare standing room still left, and that a breath from unprofaned wildernesses may be caught by the imagination even in the midst of a London crowd. Perhaps this is the dominant thought which, even in a scarcely conscious form, gives the greatest pleasure to a sight of wild beasts, graceful and interesting as they are in themselves. Certain philosophers may sneer at it, and may long for the time when the world is to be a repetition of Middlesex on a gigantic scale, and when a bit of unenclosed ground will be as great a rarity in Africa or South America as in the most highly cultivated counties of England. Still the longing for some sort of breathing-place naturally strengthens as the world gets more closely packed, and, for instance, gives a great part of their modern charm to the Alps, which once excited emotions of simple horror, as it does to the Zoological Gardens. In this respect the walrus has obvious merits. We cannot look forwards to a time when his haunts will be brought under human dominion. Walrus may, so far as we can see, go on tumbling in the Arctic Seas, or crowding each other upon icebergs, till the end of time. There is at least one inviolable preserve which can never be brought under the plough, or subjected to the Constitution of the United States. If our unlucky friend had not been deprived of the company of his species, he might be the progenitor of a long line of walruses, which might flourish their fins and clatter their teeth in defiance of the whole human race until our planet tumbles into the sun, or, after some indefinite lapse of ages, gets too hot for walruses and icebergs. Some day we may be hard up for lions, but, with due care, we shall never run short of walruses. Meanwhile, we feel some sympathy for the unlucky representatives of their species whose presence suggests so many pleasant associations to their spectators, but who must look at the matter from a rather different point of view. They feel all the inconveniences of overcrowding to a very unpleasant degree. The walrus probably considers even now that he is treated to a rather small allowance of tub, considering the habits of his civilized country of adoption. If he gets to be a few sizes bigger — and we sincerely hope that he may live as long and grow as large as walrus nature permits — he will feel himself unpleasantly cramped even in the largest tank in the gardens. The Zoological Society does its best under unfavourable circumstances, and most of the animals seem to enjoy themselves as much as can be expected. But it is obvious that a little more space would be of immense service. The monkeys have quite redeemed their character under the beneficent influences of an improved habitation. They might have suggested to Mr. Peabody the thought of improving the dwellings of the higher orders of creation. They have room for displaying their humorous vivacity, and indulging in a constant series of practical jokes which might excite the envy of undergraduates. There is a sort of never-ending town and gown row between the monkeys with long tails and the monkeys with short, which testifies to the exuberant spirits of all concerned. It would be pleasant to see the same measures of reform extended to a wider area. If the large carnivora could take a walk rather more than six paces in length, and turn round without scraping the hair off their tails, their attractions would be enormously increased; and at some future time it would be a grand sight to see a walrus as big as a house playing in a real pond, instead of a wash-tub. But, to give proper play to all the animals concerned, the gardens must be allowed to extend a little further; and considering the way in which most of the park is occupied, we should think that no one would grudge a moderate addition to the most charming show in London.

FARNHAM WORKHOUSE.

THE inquiry into Farnham Workhouse continues to afford some of the agreeable reading with which we have lately become so familiar. The state of things revealed is so dirty and frowzy and disgusting, that we find some trouble in wading through the details. It is about as pleasant as to look on at the clearance of a sewer, and the disinterment of the dead dogs and cats and other odorous ingredients which have been embedded in the mud. We can scarcely open our newspaper in the morning without fancying that a peculiarly rich odour is exuding from its pages. For the most part there is the same unvarying story of dirt in a superlative degree, and of every variety; dirt which rises far above the celebrated definition of the right thing in the wrong place, being distinctly the wrong thing to exist in any place; that sort of dirt which is as much the result of careful and systematic operations as a specially fine vintage. Miserable tramps are locked up together, carefully protected from fresh air, and left without an attempt at supervision; unhappy paupers in all states of disease are shut up with almost equally decrepit paupers

for nurses, and without the commonest appliances for decency; and wretched children are left without toys or instruction or proper attendants. We are getting to know the general system, with its trifling variations in different places. It would afford an excellent background for a novel after the fashion of *Oliver Twist* or *Nicholas Nickleby*, except that the misery is too monotonous and the squalor too disgusting. There is not the proper material for contrast, and the wretchedness seldom rises to the picturesque. Every workhouse, indeed, supplies some little characteristic anecdote of its own. At Farnham there was the wretched pauper who fell into a cesspool in consequence of an epileptic fit, and died shortly afterwards; it is added, as a significant detail, by the doctor, that he was told of the accident a few hours afterwards, chiefly, as it seems, by way of a joke. Evidently they have a fine sense of humour at Farnham. Then there is the more purely tragical anecdote, which has come out during the inquiry, of the dying girl who had a hot brick put into her bed to warm her feet, which was so tenderly and skilfully accomplished that the sheets took fire, and the patient died from the shock before she could receive assistance. These are the two most telling incidents which the inquiry has hitherto contributed to the history of workhouse mismanagement, and perhaps, by relating them, we may be subjecting ourselves to the charge of sensation writing; it is, however, tempting to dwell upon one or two individual cases rather than on the dull unvarying round of stupid mismanagement. In addition to the ordinary incidents of the cruelty which results from simple callous indifference, and from the theory that a sick pauper is to be punished by being made as dirty and miserable as possible, there is apparently a suspicion of more interested motives in the Farnham case. At least it is sworn that the butcher supplied meat for which he charged at the rate of 10d. a pound, whilst the sick paupers for whom it was intended only received inferior scraps worth 5d. Perhaps it did not make much difference to the unlucky old women, who were set to mumble unmanageable masses of meat without the assistance of forks in cutting it up. It may be as refreshing to look at mutton worth 5d. as to look at the superior bits. Still, if the statement is true, it would be interesting to know who got the benefit of the difference; and we are glad to see that this bit of information excited a decided sensation amongst the Guardians. It was a good tangible imputation which was most calculated to excite their interest.

To say the truth, however, the Farnham Guardians do not appear to be a specially heartless set of people. Two or three of them at least wrote to the *Times* with the most engaging frankness. Before the appearance of the Report in the *Lancet* they seem to have signed various assertions that the workhouse was in good order, and in no want of reform. But as soon as the Report had attracted public attention, they wrote to say that, on the whole, there was a great deal of foundation for the charges, and to demand a public inquiry. They added that the grievances alleged were due to the general imperfections of the system, and not to any special fault of their own; but they explained with admirable clearness that the system necessarily led to gross abuses, from which they were not free, even if many of their neighbours were as bad as themselves. There is undoubtedly some truth in this, though we don't see how the Guardians can be quite exonerated. They surely need not have stated officially that everything was quite satisfactory, when their own noses and eyes might have revealed to them the existence of unequivocal filth and neglect. When the pauper fell into the cesspool, and the girl was burnt to death, those incidents were at least broad hints which might have suggested to them the propriety of a little extra activity. The system may be, and undoubtedly is, bad; still it does not make it inevitable that guardians should allow themselves to be hoodwinked by an overbearing master, whom they had power to dismiss; or to see everything through his eyes, though the paupers whom they are supposed to protect are, for obvious reasons, unlikely to complain with effect. They can't be quite justified in saying "We knew everything to be wrong and very scandalous, and therefore we are not to blame." We quite agree, however, that they are not the only persons to blame. The constitution of a workhouse seems to be a pure despotism of the master, tempered only by occasional complaints from Guardians and Poor-law Inspectors. These officials rarely venture to do anything more than hint that everything is going on admirably. When, at last, a volunteer inspector declares the existence of gross abuses, the Poor-law Board prefers doing nothing, then it proposes that the Inspector whose efficiency is impugned should have another inspection for himself in secrecy; and it has at last to be worried by the newspapers into ordering an independent inquiry. There seems to be some truth in the remark of one of the witnesses, that all persons connected with the workhouse "were as bad as they could be, and censurable from the President of the Poor Law Board to the house porter."

We certainly cannot flatter ourselves that we have got near the end of these revelations. Other guardians, it seems, are demanding an inquiry. The other day there was a report from Lyndhurst which suggests accusations which, though at present resting partly on anonymous authority, have an unpleasant look. An old man defends himself for stealing potatoes on the ground that he is half-starved in the workhouse; and there are reports of the existence of such practices as punishing girls by pumping over them in a state of nudity for a quarter of an hour. We may sincerely hope that these accusations will prove to be unfounded; but from the reports which continue to appear in the medical journals, it is obvious that there is, at least in many cases, good

ground for inquiry, and that the Association which produced some reform in the metropolis has good grounds for continuing its investigations.

The main source of the abuses which have grown up appears to be generally recognised. Workhouses are a machinery for discouraging pauperism by applying one simple method. The most logical conclusion from the theory which they embody would perhaps be to abolish poor-laws altogether. If we punished pauperism by insisting that paupers should starve, we should undoubtedly be applying a strong stimulus to the poor to remain independent. This, however, is rather too strong a measure for the public conscience. We therefore say, in substance, that no one shall starve, but that every one who receives public charity shall receive it on the hardest conditions possible. Even as regards the able-bodied poor, there are obvious limitations to the value of this principle. It is requisite to discourage unnecessary resort to public charity, but, so long as this end is obtained, it does not follow that any extra hardships should be inflicted. There is a misery which has a tendency to propagate itself. When we discourage paupers from entering the workhouse by making its inmates not merely uncomfortable, but dirty and indecent, we help to deprave them. The ultimate end of charity should be to make its occupants independent of charity for the future. Instead of this, we too often keep them just hovering on the verge of pauperism, when more liberal assistance might have permanently raised them; and when they have been forced over the brink, we make them still more filthy and depraved than they were before. Of course the argument is much stronger in the case of the sick poor. The most economical plan is to cure them as quickly as possible; instead of which a workhouse after the Farnham model seems to become a nucleus for the propagation of fresh disease. This, indeed, is generally admitted; and the only question between the officials concerned seems to be, who is most to blame? There is evidently something wrong when the redress of grievances depends upon the necessarily spasmodic and uncertain efforts of private enterprise and the occasional notoriety given to some special scandal; and the only doubt is whether the Guardians, or the Inspector, or the Poor-law Board, or the public, are the persons most to blame.

One remark, which is occasionally made as though it threw some light upon the question, is that things would be much better if the magistrates or other local magnates would show a little more activity. The most curious thing about these abuses is that they are going on under the eyes of a number of benevolent and intelligent persons, who remain blind till some reporter comes down from a London newspaper. Why do they not stir themselves, it is said, and see that matters are managed rather better? This appeal amounts to condemning the system under another form; it reminds us of the remark occasionally made by the advocates of private charities. If only every Christian philanthropist with five pounds to spare would give a sovereign in aid of such or such an institution, it would be put on its legs directly. This is very true, but then the very complaint shows it to be a fact that Christian philanthropists won't give their sovereigns so freely. It used to be a favourite speculation in the United States after the war, that if all rich men would contribute voluntarily, the debt might be paid off at once; but somehow rich people do not contribute voluntarily, and therefore there is a necessity for taxation. In the same way, the workhouse agitation proves distinctly that the active benevolence of private persons is not sufficient to keep the houses in proper working order. The strong local interests of the ratepayers act with so much energy in the direction of a shortsighted economy that some external power is requisite to force them into a more intelligent policy. Unfortunately the central authorities have neither the power nor, as it seems, the will to keep their subordinates up to the mark. Probably, if their power were increased, their sense of responsibility might be stimulated, and they might substitute a really efficient system of inspection in place of that which has so palpably broken down. When authorities can do little more than give advice which may be totally ineffective, they have an additional motive for making things pleasant, and for coming as little as may be into collision with persons whom they cannot effectively coerce. An improved organization corresponding to the change in the functions discharged by workhouses is still more obviously needed. It is not surprising that a machinery for repressing pauperism produces very inadequate hospitals. With the improvements of communication, county hospitals are often as near to paupers now as the workhouses of their unions used to be; and, with certain qualifications, it would be possible to apply in the provinces the system which Mr. Hardy's Act of last Session introduced in the metropolis. The details of any such measure would, of course, require much consideration; but everything goes to show that the present system is radically inapplicable to the wants which it has to supply, and that a reform is required in the sense of centralization and better organization of the country hospitals.

THE TORTOLA TELEGRAM.

IN that dim and forgotten past when the electric telegraph was not, those sanguine visionaries who are always looking forward to a radical regeneration of the species by strictly scientific means might have built—very likely did build, only the hypothesis is not worth the trouble of verification—a stately fabric of hope upon the benefits to be one day derived from an incredible rapidity of communication. Before the unerring and incorruptible utterances

of the mysterious wire all doubt and uncertainty were to flee away. As the world then was, no man knew of his neighbour's doings save through messengers exposed, from the first hour of their journey to the last, to all the weaknesses, physical and moral, that can befall humanity. A great battle was fought, and the nations whose political destiny turned on the issue had to wait for the news of it till tedious couriers traversed half Europe with their burden of despatches. A great bank failed, and yet men of business, to whom its stability was as the breath of life, went on buying and selling for days or weeks until the slow post brought the fatal letter. Wars were begun because nations had no means of knowing each other's disposition until time had added venom to the wound and explanations had lost their virtue. When the invention then in its infancy had been perfected, all these evils would disappear, and men would live in the light of one another's presence, knowing everything that happened from actual witnesses, almost at the moment of its occurrence. Instead of poring over the rapid details of events already half-forgotten by the actors in them, they would read the stirring narrative while the deeds it commemorated were but just performed, and be able to meet public or private misfortunes with all the promptitude of men who are on the spot when the need arises. Alike for knowledge and for action, the telegraph was to give us practical ubiquity.

Such was the dream. For a good many years past we have been in the enjoyment of the reality. Every morning Mr. Reuter benevolently scatters telegraphic crumbs of information upon our breakfast-tables. Every evening he serves up the same enticing meal, with a layer of novelty superimposed to prevent our growing wearied with the repetition. In the case of the favoured few, the jaded appetite is stimulated far into the night by the latest fragments of intelligence distributed over clubs and reading-rooms. What has been the result of the change? Have the mists of error which once dimmed our sight been replaced by that calm assurance of knowledge to which the introduction of the telegraph was to give birth? It may rather be said that, where doubt and uncertainty prevailed, now they much more prevail. The world of newspaper readers has resigned itself to a condition of absolute and universal scepticism. Formerly the truth, or at least some approach to the truth, was the first thing that came to hand. Now, when it comes, it is already stale. Every kind of false rumour has had precedence of it. The honours of leaded type and prominent position are reserved, not for the fact of yesterday but for the fiction of to-day. The people who read the real news of a paper are mostly the same people that read its advertisements—idlers to whom time is no object, or invalids to whom it is an object to be got rid of. For busy men, or careless men, or indolent men, the column of telegraphic intelligence has supplanted everything else. If its contents were only consistent with themselves, there seems nothing that men might not come to believe on Mr. Reuter's authority. He has undisputed possession of at least twenty-four hours' start over all competing sources of intelligence. Happily—considering the character of much of his news—he takes care to supply the antidote side by side with the poison. The material of his communications may usually be roughly divided into statements and contradictions; and the one is so continually interchanged with the other that it becomes impossible to make any intelligible distinction between them. On Monday we have a positive assertion, on Tuesday a distinct denial. On Wednesday Monday's news is reaffirmed with qualifications. On Thursday Tuesday's contradiction is pronounced to be correct in substance. Friday tells us, quite unnecessarily, that the whole affair is involved in uncertainty; and finally, Saturday makes a clean sweep of the week's work by characterizing statements and denials alike as pure inventions from beginning to end. And by way of relief to this tangled maze of telegraphic mendacity, comes, last of all, a matter of fact Government despatch of the old sort, stating plainly what elements of truth have been day after day overlaid with all this ingenious web of fiction. This is the history of a telegram of the authoritative kind. There are a good many, of course, which escape such a fate, from the fact of their extreme vagueness. When a Government is said to have done this or that act, or made this or that statement, we know what is intended to be conveyed, though we are quite aware that after a night's reflection our informant will eat his own words. But when the public opinion of a country or a party is summed up in a sentence, we are not able to attach to it any meaning whatever. Such telegrams remind us of the Article of the Church of England that condemns masses "in which it was commonly said" that the priest did something or other—a censure the force of which has been a good deal weakened by the fact that people are not yet able to agree when, where, and by whom it was ever said. So, when some clerk in Mr. Reuter's office tells the listening world that the feeling in Vienna is strongly excited against the Concordat, or that the interview at Salzburg has caused great alarm to the German public, or that the attitude of the Republican party towards Mr. Johnson is sensibly modified, the news may be a perfect truism without our being any the wiser, simply because we know nothing of the person who has formed the opinion, of the sources whence he derives his intelligence, or of his qualifications for interpreting it accurately.

The proprietors of the Atlantic cable have not been exactly deaf to the warning yielded by Mr. Reuter's experience. They have for the most part resorted to an opposite policy, and, in the fear, we will assume, of giving us false news, have preferred to

give us none at all. Still, when we remember all that, on the faith of speakers at public meetings, was to happen from the telegraphic union of the two continents, the result falls a little flat. The successful laying of the cable was to be a fresh link in the chain that binds together the great Anglo-Saxon family, to give new expression to each beat of the mighty heart that throbs with one pulsation on both sides of the Atlantic, and to perform sundry other functions of a similar kind. We do not know whether the philanthropic promoters of the undertaking are satisfied with the results that have been achieved. If they are, the conclusion necessarily follows that the bond which principally unites the several branches of the Anglo-Saxon family is the fact that 5-20's are selling at 108, and that the beat of common pulsation is daily quickened or lowered, as the case may be, by the latest prices of "petroleum—standard white." The Anglo-Saxon family has decidedly commercial tastes, but we almost question whether the public would not find a little general news equally acceptable. All through this year politics in the United States have been more than usually interesting, but the contributions to our acquaintance with them which have been received through the cable might really be numbered on the ten fingers. Morning after morning the *Times* greets us with the usual budget of announcements respecting the price of certain favoured articles and the fluctuations in certain favoured securities; and with that, by way of news from the United States, we are for the most part compelled to be content.

This week, however, we have had cause to regret our impatience. The cable was provoking when it played King Log with us; it becomes a positive nuisance when it changes the part for that of King Stork. The telegram which announced on Saturday, "The island of Tortola has been submerged—10,000 lives were lost," is by far the worst yet met with on either continent. Nothing could have been more ingeniously calculated to convey the least possible information and to excite the greatest possible anxiety. The original despatch of such a message from Puerto Rico was utterly inexcusable, since, if it was believed that the island had been submerged, some fuller particulars must have been also received; or even supposing that the details were not obtainable at the moment, a delay of a few hours would probably have been sufficient to collect them. And, either way, the anxiety created by the news need not have been heightened by the additional anxiety of suspense. But at New York they contrived to make things worse. It appears, from Tuesday's telegram, that the form in which the news came in the first instance was—"Tortola disappeared during a gale, and was submerged for eight hours; all living things perished." At least the cable might have given the message accurately, and not tried to make the announcement more sensational by suppressing all mention of the gale, or of the reappearance of the island. As the message first stood, it was utterly impossible to conjecture whether it was true or false. Islands of volcanic formation have disappeared before now, and such a catastrophe would only have been the last and greatest in a long series of similar events. But, as it was corrected on Tuesday, the message bears reckless inaccuracy on its very face. The total submersion of the island was reduced to a temporary disappearance during a gale—in other words, to a violent inundation of the sea. After the recent hurricane there would have been no improbability in such a fact as this, but we should like to know what amount of investigation the telegraphic agent thought necessary before deciding that all living things had perished. Tortola is an island about twelve miles long. Its interior is described as a "mountain mass, broken up and furrowed by glens and ravines in every direction," and rising in its highest point 1,650 feet above the sea level. It would be quite impossible, without some investigation, to say how far up the hills the inundation reached, or what number of people might not have found refuge in their eminences from the advance of the sea. All that, under the circumstances, could have been surmised with any probability, when the telegram left Puerto Rico, was that there had been a very serious inundation, which had covered the low ground along the coast and probably destroyed many of the inhabitants. The romance about total submersion might have been reasonably suspected, when it was first forwarded, to be the fiction which it is proved to be now that there has been time for intelligence to arrive through some more trustworthy channel than the Atlantic telegraph.

A NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons may possibly achieve the reputation of being the outgoing tenant who, in face of an inevitable determination of the lease, improves the premises for the exclusive benefit of his uncertain successor. Accidentally the destruction of the old House followed close upon the great Reform Bill, although the actual chamber has only been in constant use during half the subsequent period, and for four out of nine Parliaments. Now, by a curious coincidence, the question of another rebuilding has come into prominence during the Session which passed the second Reform Bill. The truth is that the House, in itself, has never been a favourite with any one. Sir Charles Barry, no doubt, was the ostensible culprit in making it far too small for its ideal object of holding 658 statesmen; but we fancy that the architect was in this case the scapegoat in part of other influences. The old official view of legislation still prevailed among those to whom he looked for his instructions, and the perfection for which they asked was a compact chamber, large enough for

ordinary business, well within range of the Speaker's eye, and under command of the Treasury Bench. As for sensational nights, they might take care of themselves. In the meanwhile, however, while the new House was in building, a new generation had grown up and fresh wants had been formed. The House of Commons had for seventeen years—from 1835 to 1852—been lodged within the walls of that old "White Hall" of the Palace of Westminster (the ordinary, as Westminster Hall was the state, dining-room of the mediæval kings), which had during the previous portion of the century been allotted to the Upper House. The fittings of this temporary House—which, to judge by some of the questions and answers bandied about Mr. Headlam's Committee, seems already to have passed into strange oblivion—were mean and ugly to the last degree. But the House itself was spacious and comfortable, more so than old St. Stephen's, and in various respects more so than its successor. Above all things, it provided at the bar end, by successive tiers of benches, for an influx of members, while the present chamber happens to be peculiarly straitened at that part. The Session of 1850 arrived, and trial sittings, during the Wednesday day meetings, with temporary fittings in the yet unfinished House, were proposed. At these experimental meetings everything went wrong. The Session happened to be a harassing one, and so members indemnified themselves by a sort of sulky abandon. The House, we should notice, was still of its genuine proportions, with lofty ceiling and roof. After an inadequate trial, the acoustics were voted bad, and instead of trying the effect of furniture and hangings to break the echo, the fatal fiat went forth to ruin its proportions by the construction at the mid-height of the windows of that present glazed ceiling which gives to the whole House the general aspect of a big cabin in a smart steamer. This change deprived the Art party of its interest in the place. The reporters again found themselves cramped in hot and ill-ventilated closets, and they protested. Peers, ladies, and strangers were all crowded, and all growled. The main sufferer was Sir Charles Barry, whose great merits, in the ability with which he had, unaided by precedent, laid out so vast and harmonious a plan for the joint action of both Houses in their mutual relations, were never henceforward adequately recognised by the House of Commons. The provocation, in truth, was considerable, when 658 gentlemen who had been lectured by Peel, scolded by Lord John Russell, and wheedled by Lord Palmerston into a regularity of attendance of which no previous Parliaments had ever shown a parallel, were bound to find places at prayers in a chamber which only contains room on the floor for 300 members, with 124 seats in the gallery.

The discontent at last found head, during last Session, in a Select Committee moved for by Mr. Headlam, and fairly composed of members representing the business and the architectural elements of the House. As the Committee proceeded with its labours, the scope of its inquiry widened; and having originally been appointed to consider the arrangements of the actual House, it found itself empowered also to deal with the subordinate apartments. The witnesses examined included officers of the House, officials, and independent members, reporters, and Mr. Edward Barry the architect. The Chairman's idea seemed to be a redistribution of sittings, with a change in the forms of the House, so as to bring Ministers and Opposition leaders down to the now front independent benches, with a narrow table before each, while the Speaker and clerks continued where they are, at the great table. Mr. Bazley and Mr. Thompson Hankey, members of the Committee, had each their own ideas, which were also produced. Finally, Mr. Barry was commissioned to give architectural form to these various projects, and also to embody his own scheme—adding the plans and his remarks by way of appendix to the published Report; and so the Committee rose for the recess, "with a recommendation that a Committee on the same subject should be appointed at the commencement of the next Session."

We are satisfied that we are only anticipating that which will sooner or later become the general conviction of independent thinkers when we discard all the schemes, however ingenious, for rearranging the present House, or rebuilding it upon the present site, as mere makeshifts, and call attention to Mr. Barry's "Plan D." In so doing, we of course disclaim any responsibility as to the feasibility of the project. The architect stakes his own credit upon it, and we take him at his word. He finds room to the south of the present House, and between it and the river—or, more restrictedly, between it and the pile of buildings which contains the Libraries on the first floor and the Committee-rooms above—to construct a new House of Commons upon the site of the Commons' Court and the present dining-rooms, which are anyhow to be abandoned as such. This new chamber will open through the present south division lobby into the actual House, which, with its original elevation of ceiling restored, is to become the much needed private members' lobby, with the additional accommodation of four offices being placed in its corners. This new House, we may by the way remark, will have the merit or demerit of making no change whatever in the external elevation of the Palace of Westminster. It will be as absolutely invisible as the present House is. We dismiss the objections to the plan on the score of its being destructive of Sir Charles Barry's pretty idea of the Queen on her throne and the Speaker in his chair looking at each other through the long vista of house and hall and lobby. This spectacle can never occur for more than two minutes twice a year, and it is even then a mere dream, for which the restoration of the architectural character of the present House is more than a compensation.

The proposed House, as shown on the plan, will be square within the walls, but the angles will internally be cut off so as to afford room for staircases; and it will be arranged on Mr. Headlam's project of bringing the Ministers and Opposition leaders down, with tables of their own before them. Otherwise the old English tradition of two sides of the House facing each other will be generally preserved. We are convinced that the theatrical form of a semi-circular auditory, in spite of its Continental and Irish, not to mention American, precedents—*valent quantum*—is totally repugnant to the idea of the perpetual duello of Government and Opposition on which our Parliamentary traditions are based. True it is that, as we believe, this arose from the accident of St. Stephen's Chapel having become the House in Edward VI.'s reign, and the members continuing to sit as the canons and choristers had done before, in stalls facing each other. Still, the accident proved a happy one, and it has shaped our Parliamentary forms ever since. Mr. Barry has taken care to keep back both the Speaker's chair and the clerks' table at which the Chairman sits during Committees of the whole House. In so doing he has shown his judgment, for we are certain that, if any considerable number of members could find seats behind the Chair, so as to be invisible to its occupant, order would become a myth.

The accommodation to be provided is calculated at 458 members on the floor, with 100 in the gallery. There is also to be room for 260 strangers of all classes—that is for just three less than the present accommodation. So scanty an allotment is a mistake. Far as we are from desiring to see such a Strangers' Gallery as the House of Representatives at Washington presents, and as could have been found in the National Assembly of the French Republic, we are still of opinion that the House of Commons errs in the scantiness of the room which it gives both to casual strangers and to the other House. Moreover, the tendency of recent political changes must be to create the notion that the people have a right to be present at their representatives' debates; and it might be wise in the Legislature to forestall the danger of such a claim attaining unconstitutional dimensions by a liberal concession of the privilege of audience while yet the House of Commons retains the controlling power over its own proceedings. Looking at the plan, we are unable to appreciate the necessity for retaining the south division lobby as such, seeing that all the actual House will be converted into lobby. No doubt any building which replaces this lobby must be roofed under the window line, unless the light on that side may be intercepted. But even with this limitation we should think that further accommodation for strangers might be found by throwing a gallery back as far as the south wall of the actual House. With regard, also, to members' own comfort—if, as seems probable, Scotland succeeds in obtaining additional representation through an addition to the numbers of the House—558, which Mr. Barry proposes as the capacity of his apartment, may no longer be so very liberal a percentage on the whole amount. On the other hand, every extra member who is added to the House makes the inadequacy of its present chamber more apparent, and contributes a fresh argument to those who desire to meet the growing inconvenience by the only wise, because only complete, remedy of building a new House, with a single eye to its sufficiency of area and its completeness of accommodation.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

HITHERTO, for the performances out of "Season" Mr. Mapleson has been used to rely on the services of a portion of his regular company, and with invariable success has represented a few of those operas the undisputed popularity of which was a tolerable guarantee that they would also prove remunerative. And to outward appearances his plan looked much the same this time. Madlle. Tietjens stood, as of yore, at the head of his list of singers, and several works in which the distinguished talent of that great but over-taxed *prima donna* shines conspicuous were put forth as leading features of the "Short Opera Season." Next to that of Madlle. Tietjens, the name of Madame Trebelli-Bettini was prominent, and though, on certain rare occasions, she was to divide the responsibilities with her eminent associate, and, as in *Semiramide* or the *Huguenots*, to sing "contralto" to her "soprano," one opera at least in which Madame Bettini is accustomed to appropriate to herself the maximum of credit found its way into the programme. This was the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, a perennial comic masterpiece which enters into every lyric enterprise and is to the taste of every lyric artist. By what "first lady" worthy the title, soprano, mezzo-soprano, or contralto, have not the colours of Rossini's Rosina (curious transformation of Mozart's Contessa Almaviva!) been worn with more or less distinction? Among the other members of the *troupe*, engaged to support the famous contralto and more famous soprano, were Mr. Sautley, an English barytone who has proved his ability to assume with dignity any part in the Italian repertory suitable to his means, and to sing with honour side by side with any foreigner, however justly celebrated; Signor Gassier, another barytone, who, though his voice shows symptoms of decline, is always welcome, if only on account of the versatility of his dramatic talent; Madame de Merio-Lablache, a contralto of other days; Signor Foli, an Italianized American, unanimously recognised as the most promising stage-bass of the day; Madlle. Sinico, whose familiarity with all styles has been attested, and who only lacks an indefinable something to justify her in aiming at the highest position; the English tenor, Mr. C. Lyall, rapidly becoming a grotesque

comedian of the right stamp; some singers of less note; and lastly, Mr. Tom Hohler and Signor Bettini, who, if the latter had the former's resources and the former the latter's industry, might both, in the actual dearth of dramatic tenors, claim ready and general acceptance. An orchestra good in most respects, notwithstanding its numerical inferiority to that of the regular season; a chorus gathered from all quarters, but by no means comparable to the chorus which, in *Medea*, *Fidelio*, and other operas, surprised and delighted every amateur in the spring and summer; a conductor, Signor Arditi, whom no well-wisher to Her Majesty's Theatre would ever wish to see supplanted while he has power to wield the time-stick, and a new singer from America, about whom we have principally to speak, completed the preparations, highly efficient under the circumstances, at disposal of the manager.

About *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the *Barbiere*, the *Huguenots*, the *Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Semiramide*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*—in none of which the American lady appeared—there is positively nothing to say that has not been said over and over again. In characters like Meyerbeer's Valentine, as in Beethoven's Leonora and Cherubini's *Medea*, whatever may be thought of some of her purely Italian assumptions, Madlle. Tietjens is still, what a Dutch poet proclaimed of Charles V.—“*plus quovis Cesare Caesar*”—all opera-goers are aware; and there is no necessity to state, much less to prove it anew. The appearance of an unknown tenor with a very loud voice and a very bad method, in one or two of the above-named operas, and of a tolerable *buffo-baritone*, without any voice at all, in one or two others, may be simply recorded, inasmuch as it is not very likely that either Signor Tombesi or Signor Zoboli will again form part of the company at Her Majesty's Theatre. The interest, and with it the financial success, of the present short season has culminated in Madlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, who has already appeared with unquestioned approval in three characters, and who to-night is about immediately to essay a fourth.

Although the name of Madlle. Kellogg had been announced in the prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre some two or three years ago, it was almost unknown to the large majority of the operatic public. Nor was its reannouncement in the present instance paraded with any of the conventional and well-worn puff-preliminary. The result of its owner's *debut* may therefore be regarded as in the strictest sense legitimate. Those cosmopolitan amateurs who habitually peruse the musical and operatic notices in American papers, and who can distinguish between sham and genuine criticism, were in a great measure prepared for it; but it took the ordinary visitors to the Haymarket Opera by surprise. The house, it is true, was full of Americans; but the excusable prejudice of compatriots was borne out by the opinion of the rest of the audience; and none were inclined to dispute the very favourable verdict pronounced upon the voice, the vocal skill, the histrionic capability, and the engaging personal attributes of the stranger.

Though young (not yet twenty-four, we believe), Madlle. Kellogg is far from being a novice on the boards. Born in South Carolina, of Connecticut parents, she already, at the age of fourteen, exhibited remarkable aptitude for music, both as singer and player upon the pianoforte. After studying under various masters, she came out in 1861 at the New York Academy of Music, as Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Since then she has sung every year uninterruptedly at that establishment, and with a reputation always steadily advancing—a reputation which other musically given cities in the New World have helped to mature. Besides *Rigoletto* she has sung in *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, *Fra Diavolo*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Crispino e la Comare*, *Il Barbiere*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Giovanni* (Zerlina), *Faust*, *La Traviata*, *Martha*, and *Linda di Chamouni*. Three of the last-named operas have already been produced for her at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the fourth is advertised for to-night.

That Americans in London should exhibit uncommon interest in the progress of their own art-child, the first singer of pure American growth and of any extraordinary pretensions who has sought on this side the Western ocean to confirm and establish a renown obtained upon the other, is not surprising. They were sufficiently pleased by the flattering reception accorded to the late Madame Bosio, whose admirable talents were first acknowledged by themselves; and they were more than pleased by the European fame so quickly won by Madlle. Adelina Patti, who, though born in Spain of Italian parents, was brought up from a child among them, and became the chief ornament of their lyric theatres before she had attained her eighteenth year. Moreover, they are proud, and with good cause, of having witnessed among them the growth and expansion of the marvellous genius of Maria Felicia Malibran, perhaps the greatest dramatic singer of any time. To these three, nevertheless, they could only point as examples of their critical appreciation; Malibran, Bosio, and Patti, not being natives of the American soil, could only in an indirect manner be said to have influenced the progress of American art. At length, however, came a child of their own—a Yankee *pur sang*—whom, after watching her promising career with eager interest at home, they have permitted to cross the Atlantic and try her fortunes in the Old World. About the issue they were much concerned—anxious, indeed, not to say doubtful; but by this time the triumph of their *voix*—as they doubtless been bruited far and wide by the thousand tongues of the American press. We congratulate them; for rarely within our memory has opinion among the critics and musical

connoisseurs of London been more unanimously favourable to a new aspirant.

It is curious that the three parts first essayed in England by Madlle. Kellogg should also have been the three parts first essayed by Madlle. Christine Nilsson, who did for Her Majesty's Theatre last summer something very much like what Madlle. Kellogg is doing for that time-honoured establishment just now. Without coming precisely in the same order, precisely the same operas were produced in immediate succession. Madlle. Nilsson played first in *La Traviata*, next in *Faust*, next in *Martha*; Madlle. Kellogg appeared first in *Faust*, then in *La Traviata*, then in *Martha*. Readers who delight in comparisons may probably expect that we shall minutely compare the performances of each of these ladies in each of these operas. We refrain, however, being persuaded that such comparisons invariably lead to nothing. Let the Swede and the American be adjudged according to their respective merits. Each has an idiosyncrasy of her own, and their idiosyncrasies have little in common. The one, if we please, may be “*L'or des Palmes et la pourpre de la cour*,” the other “*la fleur des champs et le lys des vallées*”; the curious in such matters, guided by the light within them, may decide for themselves which is which. Enough that, while both are open to criticism, both are charming.

Madlle. Kellogg had been accredited by her compatriots with equal talent for the sentimental and the comic drama. *Faust*, from one end to the other, the termination of Act 1, with the whole of Acts 2 and 3 of *La Traviata*, and the love scenes alone in *Martha*, justify her claim to the first consideration; while the few situations that occur in either opera—such, for example, as the incident of the jewels which unexpectedly arrest the enamoured eye of Margaret in that of M. Gounod, the earlier part of the banquet-scene (Act 1) in that of Signor Verdi, and the first and second acts of that of M. Flotow, including, of course, the “Statute Fair” and the lesson at the spinning-wheel, afford scarcely less conclusive guarantees for the last. That Madlle. Kellogg is an actress by nature, as well as by art, is shown in the marked and individual physiognomy she gives to three dramatic personages so widely differing as Margaret, Violetta, and Lady Henrietta (the disguised Martha). In Margaret, without the advantage of experience, she adopts the reading of Madlle. Adelina Patti, which, alike free from the statuesque frigidity of Madame Miolan Carvalho, the original, and the pretty sauciness of Madlle. Pauline Lucan, “original” in another sense, is incontestably superior to both. In Violetta she takes the view of Madame Bosio, which, varying as it did from Madlle. Piccolomini's, is, if on that account alone, less repulsive and infinitely more acceptable; and in Martha she does, and does unexceptionably well, almost literally what any one who might be cited among her eminent predecessors and contemporaries has done with that in a lyrical sense (“The Last Rose of Summer” allowed for) peculiarly colourless abstraction. The delineation of passionate emotion lies easily within the power of Madlle. Kellogg. This is evidenced in *Faust*, by the garden scene, the scene of the Cathedral, where the (now happily) unseen Mephistopheles interrupts and perplexes Margaret in the act of prayer, and the scene of the catastrophe, where she prefers to await her doom rather than again rush into the vortex of sin—but perhaps still more emphatically in the pathetic interview with the elder Germont, where the Traviata, moved with a generous impulse, resigns all her hopes of happiness for the sake of one in whom all her hopes of happiness are centred. Earnest, impassioned, and strikingly picturesque, in each of these powerful scenes, Madlle. Kellogg exhibits a high order of dramatic talent, and, what is hardly to be overestimated, a thorough experience of the stage. To judge fairly and fully of her aptitude in the *bona fide* comic line we prefer waiting for *Crispino e la Comare*, the opera *buffa* of the brothers Ricci, in which American critics insist that her impersonation of Annetta shows the *vis comica* in singular perfection.

As a singer, Madlle. Kellogg, while a long way on the road to excellence, has faults to conquer as well as merits unreservedly to commend. Her voice, a true soprano, is resonant and telling, without being powerful. It has been well trained, but still in rare instances lacks further cultivation, especially, for example, in the method of taking the higher notes of the register—not so much in passages where they are reached step by step as in those where they have suddenly to be attacked. She boasts, on the other hand, the precious quality of being invariably in tune; and this is allied to extreme sensibility in *cantabile* phrases, her delivery of which, but for an occasional tendency to drag the time and thereby exaggerate expression, would be absolutely faultless. But for the last easily remedied defect we can imagine nothing more thoroughly exquisite than her manner of singing “The Last Rose of Summer,” whether in Italian, or when in response to an “encore,” the genuine heartiness of which is unmistakable, she substitutes for the foreign adaptation a verse in Moore's own language. That her voice is flexible, no less than telling and sympathetic, is clearly established by her facile and brilliant delivery of the “*Air des Bijoux*” in *Faust*, and of the *cavatina* at the close of the first act of *La Traviata*. Then, her articulation of the words, her sense of accent, her balance of phrase, alike in “*tempo giusto*” and in “*tempo rubato*,” in the strict division of time and in its measurement at discretion, are irreproachable; while, last not least, her pronunciation of the Italian language is so uniformly correct and musical that she might almost be taken for an Italian-born.

Each of the three operas in which Madlle. Kellogg has hitherto performed has earned for her a signal and honourable success;

and the greatest hopes are reasonably entertained of her approaching performance in *Linda di Chamouni*. The engagement of such a brilliant newcomer for a series of "extra representations," usually of no more importance than an appendix to the ordinary performances, says much for the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Mapleson, however, is rewarded for his spirit and intelligence; for whenever Madlle. Kellogg sings the house is crowded. And now that he has got hold of the young and fair American, he must retain possession of her, as of Falernian wine, "under a hundred keys." His customary supporters will surely look for her reappearance next year in the course of the regular season. Fresh voices and fresh faces give new life to an enterprise like his.

REVIEWS.

FOULKES'S CHRISTENDOM'S DIVISIONS.—VOL. II.*

ECCLIASTICAL history has been so recently rescued from the hands of theological controversialists that we feel a very natural suspicion of writers like Mr. Foulkes, who undertake to restore it to its old ground, and to treat one of the most interesting amongst historic questions as but a part of the purely theological matter of the re-union of churches. However critical and impartial such an inquirer may be, we suspect that his end is not so much truth as the proof of his thesis, and this prejudice is all the stronger where the exact thesis is so extremely difficult to understand as in this work on *Christendom's Divisions*. The idea of Mr. Foulkes, as far as we were able to grasp it in his former introductory volume, was simply that the re-union for which he pleaded was to be looked for in the re-establishment of a true Catholicism, and that a true Catholicism could only spring from the restoration of a constitutional Papacy. The Pope was no longer, on this theory, the infallible autocrat of the Ultramontanes, but the first Bishop of a consenting Episcopacy throughout the world; Catholicism lay not in the extinction of national diversities, but in the bringing them all within the circle of this honorary supremacy; Christendom's divisions had originated from, and were maintained by, the degradation of this world-wide constitutional rule into a narrow Latin despotism. The imperial position of England, with her ring of colonies around her, as Burke painted it long ago, supplied the fitting analogy for the position of Rome, as Mr. Foulkes would have it, girt in with her belt of churches—churches national and independent, but finding a bond of intercommunion in their common loyalty to the central mother-church. To undo at once the work of the Reformation and the work of the Ultramontanes, to persuade Protestants to give up the principle of free judgment in matters of religion, and Catholics to stem the increasing current of blind obedience to an infallible head, to stride by sheer logic and appeals to higher sentiments over the controversies and hatreds of ages back to this ideal Church of the past—this, so far as we could judge its character, was the dream of Mr. Foulkes, as it had been the dream of Calixtus, and a score of other amiable speculators before him. "Luther," Mr. Foulkes naïvely told us, "might have taken a more philosophical view of it had he been more of a thinker." Luther would probably have answered that thinkers would find their views become a little more real, without being less philosophical, if they would learn their philosophy in his rough school of the world. This very work of Mr. Foulkes proves as clearly as any we ever read how the spiritual progress of mankind is affected far more by great currents of popular sentiment than by any speculations of philosophical thinkers; nay more, how the very thoughts of these thinkers are, commonly enough, only the expression of the great tide of feeling which is sweeping them, like the world around them, unconsciously on. Two such great currents are in our day absorbing the rest—the one rushing on to the perfect freedom of the religious conscience, to the spiritual independence of the individual; the other steadily advancing towards the absolute absorption of the individual conscience and intellect in the infallible expression of the voice of the mass. In this light of the present we may read perhaps a little more clearly than our fathers the complex phenomena of the religious history of the past; the advocate of Individualism will welcome, as the advocate of Catholicism will deplore, every schism and every heresy which has rent asunder the unity of Christendom. At any rate, "of these two one," as Dr. Newman saw long ago; but it is just this which Mr. Foulkes does not see. And so, amiable and well-intentioned as he evidently is, the intellectual aspect of his work, with all its learning and impartiality, is that of an able and conscientious attempt to establish a paradox.

In spite, however, of these grave objections to the theory upon which it is built, the history which Mr. Foulkes tells is the history of one of the greatest events in the annals of Christendom, and we must own that it is told well. There is perhaps no one important fact which would not be found in Gibbon, but the facts are scattered over the multifarious pages of the *Decline and Fall*; while here they are massed together into a connected story, and told with a precision and detail which were of course impossible in the larger work. The schism of the East from the West is, in Mr. Foulkes's view, not a religious or theological so much as a political event; and its causes are not to be traced to doctrinal differences on Arians or the "filioque" clause, but to the aggressions of the Western Empire, the piratical greed of the Norman race which

led to and envenomed the character of the Crusades, and finally the triumph of that sectional spirit of the Western races, which Mr. Foulkes calls "Latinism" over the more Catholic tendencies of the Popes. By one of the boldest of modern re-readings of history, the Papacy is acquitted of the charge of having brought about the severance of the East, the quarrel with Photius is reduced to unimportance, and the final excommunication in the eleventh century credited to the violence of the Legates rather than to the sentence of Rome. Certainly up to that moment no absolute breach had taken place; and the quarrel between Rome and Constantinople had been rather on points of jurisdiction than on doctrine. Bulgaria was the deadliest foe of the Eastern Emperors, and its submission to the Papacy was an affront to the whole Greek race as much as to the Patriarch. But, hot as was the quarrel, it passed away with the death of Photius, and for one hundred and fifty years or more seventeen patriarchs in succession lived in full communion with their rivals of Rome; and this in spite of the fact that in the middle of the tenth century they had retorted on the Popes by creating fresh sees, and introducing a fresh ritual throughout the regions of Southern Italy which had been won back by the arms of the Eastern Empire. Even this cause of irritation, however, had been removed by the Norman reconquest of Calabria, and its restoration to the Roman See, when the fatal excommunication of the Legates of Pope Leo severed in one moment, and severed irreparably, the bonds that held East and West together. The excommunication was certainly a very odd proceeding. The despatch of the Legates had been in answer to a letter from the Emperor Michael, which Michael declared to have been forged; the Papal commission was never exhibited, but Leo had written kindly and temperately enough to the Patriarch only a few months before; and when the Legates laid their excommunication on the high altar of St. Sophia, there was a vacancy—and they knew it—in the Papacy:—

Never [says Mr. Foulkes] were more disastrous consequences entailed by a more worthless or more shameless document. It was promulgated three months after the death of one Pope, nine months before the accession of another; it was never ratified by him or any other Pope from that day to this. It is a standing monument to the disgrace of all parties concerned in it. . . . First they declare positively "that as far as their Imperial Majesties are concerned, their officials and the principal men of the city, there is no place more Christian and orthodox than Constantinople." After this candid avowal they proceed to speak of the Patriarch of the orthodox capital, and his subordinates, somewhat differently. He and his are followers of Simon Magus, Valerians, Arians, Donatists, Nicolaitans, Severians, fighters against the Holy Ghost and against God, as having taken out of the Creed procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son. They are Manichæans, Nazarenes, Judaizers; nourishing beards and long hair themselves, they refuse Communion to all who cut their hair and shave their beards in conformity with the regulations of the Church of Rome. For all which causes they are to be anathema maranatha three times over with all heretics, and with the devil and his angels, unless they repent.

It is amusing to see the utterly mendacious form in which the Legates couched their charge as to the "filioque" clause in the Creed, but the mention of it has the interest of being the first time of its being made a formal charge by Rome at all. On the question indeed of the procession, Rome had up to this time acted as a mediator between the controversialists of East and West; she accepted the phrase as an interpretation, but long rejected it as an insertion in the Creed of Nicea. Adrian had indeed defended the single procession against Charles the Great; Leo had engraved the Creed on silver plates in the basilica of St. Peter, in Greek and Latin; but in both cases without the contested addition. It seemed for some time as if the Churches would simply agree to differ on the point—the East leaving the use of it as a mere explanation to the Latins, and the Latins not seeking to enforce it upon the East. But the question had got inextricably entangled with the web of Imperial politics, and the rivalry of the Eastern and Western Empires fought itself out with theological weapons. The fatal insertion in the Creed, first heard of in Spain, received its earliest official promulgation through Charles the Great. Its promulgation and its dogmatic explanation were alike Imperial and not Papal; Rome was the last Church of the West to adopt the interpolation, and the least prompt to explain it. The question was not one of theology, but of politics; the Caroline books, the first exposition of the new doctrine, bore on their forefront the impress of the new Rome of the West; the great encyclical of Photius which Mr. Foulkes shows to have been really a reply to them seems to have appeared, not under the name of its author, but of the Emperors Basil and Michael. It was indeed a letter of Pope John which stirred Nicephorus to the aggression on the rights of the Roman see in Calabria, but it was the exhortation to "the Emperor of the Greeks" to preserve peace and friendship with "the Emperor of the Romans" which gave the offence. It is impossible, indeed, throughout to disentangle the threads of politics from the web of the controversy. The Popes will not break with the Greeks so long as they have the Normans as neighbours in the south, and the Emperor north of the Alps. Adrian IV. is with Manuel in his war against Roger of Sicily, Manuel is the ally of Alexander III. in his contest against Barbarossa. In spite of the excommunication, in fact, of Humbert and his colleagues, the theory of the Papacy seems to have been that the estrangement was on the side of Constantinople, and not on its own, and friendly communication passed still between the two churches.

The real schism, in fact, dates from the first Crusade, and it is by watching the relations of the Normans with the Eastern Empire that we see what the true nature of that Crusade was. It was really the carrying out of the designs of Guiscard on the East—a Norman war of aggression ending in an aggressive Latin Church.

* *Christendom's Divisions*. Part II.—Greeks and Latins. By Edmund S. Foulkes. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

For a time indeed there was no open breach between the two Christian bodies; both flocked to the same celebration of the Holy Fire, and the lessons were read alternately in Latin and Greek. But the Franks soon revealed themselves as worse tyrants than the Saracens they had swept away; the Orthodox Bishops were thrust from their sees to make way for Latin prelates, the Orthodox worship was superseded by the Latin rite. "As for the Turks," complained the Crusaders, "we have overcome them, but the heretical Greeks we cannot subdue." Meanwhile the outrages of the war which the Norman rulers of Sicily carried on directly against the Greek Empire widened the breach that had been opened by the Normans in Palestine. The clergy and religious bodies were singled out for butchery and pillage in the sack of the great cities of the coast; and the Norman soldiers howled like hounds in mockery of the nasal chant of the Greek priests. The war was in fact the carrying out of that policy of Bohemond which had been foiled by the wisdom of Alexius and the enthusiasm of the Crusaders—a policy which aimed, not at Jerusalem, but at Constantinople. The Norman passed away, but the sea-States preserved the tradition, and the fall of the great capital before the fourth Crusade completed the schism which the excommunication of Humbert had begun.

We need not here follow Mr. Foulkes through his very elaborate account of the hollow attempts at reconciliation which ended in the Council of Florence, or through his sketch of the proceedings of the Council itself. Everywhere he is painstaking and accurate, save perhaps in the use of his terms. "Latin" and "Latinism" seem sometimes to be used as epithets of the whole of the West as opposed to the East, sometimes in the more usual sense of the Latin as opposed to the Teutonic peoples. He is no doubt too much inclined to push his especial points, and in dwelling on the relations between the Churches gives hardly sufficient weight to words so strong as those from the English Adrian to the Archbishop of Thessalonica. And it is the most wonderful instance of the perpetuity of error we recollect, that after such exposures as those of Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Riley, a scholar like Mr. Foulkes should not merely quote Ingulf as a contemporary of the First Crusade, but actually add in a note that "the account of Lambert is of course less authentic." In spite of occasional slips the work is a real contribution to mediæval history; but this is far from being its most immediate significance. It is not merely a cool critical denunciation of the policy which cut Rome off from the Eastern half of Christendom, but a denunciation, from the pen of a sincere Roman Catholic, of the results to which that policy has led. "The Pope, the head of the Church by divine right, has been pledged in practice to the abnormal position of a party leader or spiritual chief of the Latins." From this came the temporal power, "a power which has been of immense benefit to the world, but which has ruined the Church"; the dwindling of the Papacy into a Latin patriarchate; the turning it into a sort of "close fellowship" for men of Italian blood:—

Charlemagne, and the party formed by him in the West, gradually succeeded in enlisting the Papacy on their side, in bending it to their exclusive benefit, and employing it in furtherance of national as opposed to cosmopolitan objects, to the incalculable bane of the Church, and of the best interests of mankind at large. For ten centuries it has been in thralldom, virtual thralldom to the Latin world, by whom it has been flattered and cajoled, dishonoured and oppressed in turn; beguiled into the adoption of a type and a policy different from that which had been habitual to it till then; puffed up with exaggerated notions of its own pre-eminence derived from forged documents, to be debited with the responsibility of all the ruin and wretchedness inflicted on one part of Christendom by the other, then gradually let down as it could be dispensed with or done without, at last turned round upon passionately and inveighed against as a tyrant, false prophet, impostor, and what not, when there was not only no more to be gained by upholding it, but a vast deal to be gained by serving it in the same way precisely in which the Church of the East had been served before.

It tells well for the Church of Rome that words like these can be written within her communion without ecclesiastical censure or the gag of the Index. But they are strange words from Roman Catholic lips, and they read yet stranger in the light of Monte Rotondo.

FAIR WOMEN AND FINE CLOTHES.*

THERE is an opening for a new book to be called the *Sumptuosities of Literature*. It would be interesting to inquire why so many novels of our day resemble contemporary plays in abundance of dress and decoration, and poverty of imagination and expression. If poetry and eloquence are scarce, the talents of the scene-painter and the tailor can always be evoked by a plentiful use of money; and if a real fire-engine, drawn by real horses, can contribute to the success of a play, the resources of a liberal management ought to suffice to ensure any play from failure. If a young lady of supposed dramatic capability makes her first appearance upon London boards, the critics are enabled to say with truth that she wore in the representation of a single character several magnificent and costly dresses. A combination of youth, good looks, and fine clothes will, it must be owned, go far to persuade critics that theatrical talent exists, or at any rate to reconcile uncritical spectators to its non-existence. A play which depends for its success upon handsome and well-dressed actresses gives something to be looked at, although nothing to be listened to or remembered. But what can be the secret of the success of novels which seem to offer to readers only the same sort of pleasure at second-hand which a well got-up play offers to spectators? A

description of the person of a heroine may possibly be attractive, but where are the people who desire to read a description of her clothes, and of the furniture of the room in which she received visitors? It is evident, however, that such people exist, although we may not ourselves have happened to meet them in society; and it may perhaps become necessary to recognise their existence by establishing an upholsterer's and milliner's department upon the staff of every journal which undertakes literary criticism.

As a novel must have a convenient title, it would be hypercritical to object to the title of *Fair Women* on the ground that the women who are introduced in modern novels are generally fair, and that for any purpose of distinction this book might just as well be called "High-stepping Bays," or "Powdered Footmen," or by the name of any other of the sumptuosities which adorn the daily lives of the "fair women" who figure in its pages. It moves our wonder to observe, not only the intrinsic triviality of many of the details which the book contains, but also the importance which is given to them, and the large portion of the writer's space which they occupy. We need not say that a book which describes sumptuous ways of living is printed sumptuously. There are three volumes of very good paper with very large type, and very wide intervals between the lines. If these qualities make a good novel, then the novel which is now under notice is one of the best novels ever produced. A page of it contains twenty-one lines, and seven lines are occupied with the statement that a carriage stopped at a shop door and a footman went into the shop. There is, indeed, a statement that it was four o'clock, which, as lawyers say, is an immaterial allegation, seeing that it might just as well have been a quarter past four; and there are also statements that the carriage was splendidly appointed, that the horses were high-stepping bays, and that the footman was powdered—allegations which would perhaps be material if we desired the assurance that the author was introducing us to unexceptionable society. It must be mentioned, in order to make our comments intelligible, that the footman as he entered the shop brushed past a young lady who was leaving it. The young lady, whose name is Winifred Eyre, is an unacknowledged niece and cousin of two other ladies who are in the carriage, having for companion a gentleman named Hastings. The loves and quarrels of Miss Eyre and Mr. Hastings form the principal business of the book, and the young lady might have been an interesting figure if she were less surrounded by upholstery. The figure of the gentleman is ludicrous. It would, of course, be a high honour to be introduced to a lady novelist, and it would be an inestimable privilege to be introduced by a lady novelist to her male friends, and to see and listen to the men who act and talk like Mr. Hastings. He meets Miss Eyre in a wood. Her terrier is suddenly assailed by a huge mastiff:—

She sprang to the rescue, when she heard a crashing of the branches at her side, a sharp "To heel, Kollo!" from a man's voice, and the third occupant of Mrs. Champion's barouche stood before her.

The author says that young ladies like to dream of handsome lovers, and there may perhaps be a young lady capable of dreaming of a man seeing her as she comes out of a shop, and saying audibly "What lovely eyes," and afterwards coming crashing through a wood to where she sits, and telling her that his mastiff "is rather wont to be aggressive to his species." Conversation in this style must be very grand, and although we never happened ourselves to meet a man who talked like Mr. Hastings, it is possible that the author may have been more fortunate. Errol St. George Hastings comes of a family older than the Conquest. His ancestors have had dark blue eyes and light hair, and they have been brave, handsome, gallant, and generous, but indomitably proud; and he is like them. No woman could help admiring "his stalwart strength, his fine features, and expressive eyes, so proud in their defiance, so tender in their love." And his success with women was even more due to his perfection in all athletic exercises. "Women always admire a man who can hunt, and shoot, and swim, and skate, and leap, and fence, and box." It is to be hoped, for the sake of the professors of arts which are rather languishing, that young ladies will be guided by this author into the belief that fencing and boxing are essential acquirements for a gentleman. As regards boxing, even *Bell's Life* sometimes talks about dropping its professors, and therefore it is fortunate that the lady novelists seem likely to take them up. Mr. Hastings, along with ancient lineage, handsome person, and accomplishments, has a fine estate, and a house which is a grand combination of old and new. "There were three morning rooms leading one into the other." The colour of the fittings of these rooms may be known by perusal of the novel. Mr. Hastings's own particular room was "fitted up with every luxury"; for he was a Sybarite by nature, although he could be hardy and indifferent to comfort on occasion. This is, we believe, the usual character of heroes of romance. It need not be said that he can ride and drive admirably. In his stable are the handsomest pair of bright chesnuts ever seen—matched to a hair; also three perfect hunters and three thoroughbred bays and a roan for his drag, besides three or four saddle-horses. We are indulged with a description of Mr. Hastings driving the pair of chesnuts:—

By Jove! how those horses did fret and prance and rear! But he took it as coolly as possible, and soothed and quieted them, until they went off like lambs. They continued very quiet for about a mile, when we came to a gate where a girl was standing, and then they shied and reared again, until I thought they would have upset us in the ditch. But Hastings was not a bit disconcerted. He held the reins with one hand, and with the other took off his hat to the girl as if she had been an empress. She was so graceful, and had such lovely eyes, &c.

* *Fair Women*. By Mrs. Forrester. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.

It need not be stated that the girl is Miss Eyre. The novel starts with her as a farmer's daughter, but we learn within a few pages that her mother belonged to one of the first families in the county. In progress of time she is acknowledged by her grandfather, and is supplied with a large box of clothes from a fashionable dress-maker, and thereafter all the personages of the story may be described as well-born and elegantly dressed. Mr. Hastings calls upon Miss Eyre an hour after meeting her in the lane. She hears the prancing of horses, and sees him pull up the fiery chestnut, and jump down, and enter the gate of her father's house. Mr. Hastings's house becomes full of visitors, whose names will convey to the reader's mind a comfortable assurance that they belong to the best society. Lady Grace Farquhar acts as hostess. Sir Clayton Farquhar, who is her husband, Lord Harold Erskine, who is her nephew, Lady St. Ego and her daughters, Lady Marion Alton and her niece, &c., are among the guests. When we consider that many of what may be called, so far as paper and print are concerned, the higher class of novels, and all the lower class, are ceaselessly engaged in manufacturing aristocratic personages, we shall find that the annual produce of this branch of industry must be enormous. The mansion of Mr. Hastings is embellished in a way worthy of the noble company assembled in it. The description of the ball-room is in the upholsterer's highest style. "The toilettes were of the most *recherché* order." In the next chapter we pass into the banqueting-hall, which would be called, in ordinary speech, the supper-room. "The massive black oaken sideboard groaned beneath its weight of gold and silver plate. . . every luxury in season and out of season was there." Here we fear that the penny-a-liner's style is creeping in. Leading from the ball-room were three small rooms of which the fittings and furniture are particularly described. In one of these rooms "everything was refined and elegant," and here Mr. Hastings almost offers marriage to "the queenly and magnificent" Miss Champion, but is checked by his recollection of Miss Eyre. Then he goes to meet Miss Eyre in the wood. They have a long and animated conversation, during which Mr. Hastings expresses to himself his thoughts about Miss Eyre in language which the author probably thinks he ought to use in his character of fine gentleman. "Damnation, how proud she is! How the devil does she know that? &c." Mr. Hastings at this interview offers to Miss Eyre love without marriage, which she scornfully rejects, informing him of what he did not know, that she is granddaughter of Sir Howard Champion, as well as a farmer's daughter. Then he offers marriage, and this also she resolutely rejects. The pain of disappointment renders even the prospect of the shooting season in England odious. Mr. Hastings, on the last day of August, "hard hit" within, but splendid and sumptuous without, "was standing on the deck of his beautiful yacht *Enone*, looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean." We think it will be admitted that, throughout the first volume, which ends here, the properties of the piece are unexceptionable.

If it be conceded that the best novels are those which tell us most about grand people, it follows that the more minute details we get about grand people the better ought we to be pleased. In this point of view the opening chapter of the second volume of *Fair Women* is surely admirable:—

Lady Grace had poured out the tea and buttered herself a piece of toast.

And then she proceeds to read her letters. The author's omission to inform us about the material and pattern of the tea-pot and toast-rack is remarkable. And we can only explain it by supposing that by force of imagination she shared the curiosity of Lady Grace to know what was inside her letters. In the absence of information, we may be permitted, from our knowledge of the fact that Lady Grace "held the highest position in the county," to assume that the tea-pot and toast-rack were faultless. As regards Miss Eyre's outfit for her first entrance into high society, we do not need to take anything on trust, for we are expressly told that

There were two beautiful dinner dresses, several elegant muslins, and two or three very stylish morning toilettes.

The circle of guests to whom Miss Eyre was about to be introduced comprises the names mentioned in the first volume, and some others worthy of being joined with them. These were—Colonel D'Aguilar, a tall, dark, melancholy, but decidedly handsome man, who had done "brave, daring acts" in the Indian mutiny; Mr. Clayton; Captain Culloden, of the Guards; and the Honourable John Fielden. The two last-named gentlemen are merely pieces of ornamental furniture, as they hardly ever act or speak during the story. But still they contribute to the magnificence of the general effect. There is also the Honourable Evelyn Vane, who afterwards becomes Lord Lancing, and who at this moment is contending with Lord Harold Erskine for the favour of the beautiful Miss Champion. We have already seen this lady receiving attention from Mr. Hastings, who does not belong to the peerage but is above it, and now she is receiving attention from two sons of peers, so that every reader of properly constituted mind must be interested in Miss Champion's history. The same observation will apply to the sayings and doings of Miss Marion Alton, who has a ladyship for aunt, and is otherwise highly connected. All readers will therefore receive with respectful thankfulness her promulgation of the new truth that

Calling people by their Christian names leads to familiarity, and familiarity, we are wisely told, breeds contempt.

The author seems to think that the smallest scrap of writing or the most trivial speech of a person of quality must be in-

teresting. Here, for example, is a letter, which occupies a quarter of a page:—

Dear Aunt,—The past shall be forgotten. I hope to be with you the day after to-morrow.—Affectionately yours,

HAROLD ERSKINE.

But although we might applaud platitudes from noble mouths, they become intolerable when the author herself utters them. It can hardly be worth while to print and publish, for example, such a remark as this:—

There are many exceptions, of course, but, oh! my friends, are we not told that the exception proves the rule?

In the third volume Miss Eyre's father has been dead some time, and she has been adopted by Lady Grace Farquhar, who takes a house in Eaton Square for the London season, and brings her out. From this time forward Miss Eyre breathes, if we may so say, the atmosphere of unmitigated aristocracy. A gentleman driving a splendidly-appointed four-in-hand bows to her in the Park. This is Mr. Hastings, who has returned to England after many months of foreign travel. His passion for Miss Eyre revives, and she requites it with beautiful scorn. The author has done her best, according to her lights, to make Mr. Hastings a tremendously heavy swell. All the other young ladies in the story would have him for the asking, while Miss Eyre snubs and bullies him without mercy. Mr. Hastings comes to call at the house where Miss Eyre is staying in the country, and meets her friend Mrs. Clayton, late Miss Alton:—

He dismounted and walked along by her side, leading his splendid bay horse.

He gives private theatricals in those magnificent rooms where we have already seen a ball. The performers and the audience include all the fashionable personages with whom we have been made familiar, and many others. The dresses and decorations of the piece are as splendid as everything else in which Mr. Hastings is concerned, and he takes a part in which he looks and acts superbly. If any reader will compare the private theatricals of this author with those which Miss Austen described in *Mansfield Park* for the amusement of a former generation, that reader will perceive the immense progress which has been made since Miss Austen's time in the sumptuosities of literature. The last and highest effort of the author's genius in this line is the description of the presents which Miss Champion received upon her marriage. The stately bride departs "in a barouche drawn by four magnificent bay horses," having married neither of the men with whom she flirted in the story, but a middle-aged *gourmand* of great wealth. Then comes the marriage of Mr. Hastings with Miss Eyre, who has yielded to his prayers at last. This author has revived the good old custom of novelists of seeing their principal characters actually married, and living together as man and wife, before parting with them. We will not, however, follow Miss Eyre beyond the church door, being quite contented with the statement that

Sir Howard Champion gave her twenty thousand pounds, and Sir Clayton ten thousand, whilst Lady Grace provided her with a magnificent trousseau.

As we close the book our delightful illusion vanishes, and we return to a world where unfortunately everybody has not twenty thousand pounds.

SPENCER'S THINGS NEW AND OLD.*

IN his delightful essay upon the contrast between ancient and modern learning, Sir William Temple is careful to take note of a leading point of distinction. There is a value in much of the lore of other days which lies in what he terms its substance apart from its form, that is, in its truth and its power of instruction. Other treasures of ancient wisdom have little of value or power to entertain us but what they receive "from the wit, learning, or genius of the authors." The charm in the latter case lies in the telling. The thing told may be untrue to fact or nature, obsolete as regards scientific or philosophical knowledge, or simple matter of allegory or fable. It may be wholly useless for the purposes of instruction, yet retain its attraction side by side with the more positive or critical products of recent intellect, just as the grey ruin pleases us by contrast with the new and garish stonework of modern art. It charms us by its picturesqueness, its antique dress, or its very oddity. Whoever indeed, like Sir William himself, "converses much among the old books," will be "something hard to please among the new." Only he will, if he is equally wise, abstain from setting up a direct rivalry between the two on the hard ground of utility. He will no more think of furnishing up the rusty weapons of yore for modern strife than of whitewashing or refacing the moss-grown or ivy-clad tower. He may go the whole length of adopting the maxim of Alphonsus the wise King of Aragon, that "among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the course of their lives, all the rest are baubles besides old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read." Yet he will be wise enough to take these curiosities of the past as the light luxuries of learning or leisure or serene age, not as the solid food of busy life, or ignorance, or youth.

It is clear that the distinction we have spoken of has not im-

* *Kαὶὰ καὶ παλαιά. Things New and Old; or, a Storehouse of Illustrations.* By John Spencer. With Preface by Thomas Fuller; to which is added a Treasury of Similes by Robert Cawdrey; both being carefully Edited. With an Introduction by J. G. Pilkington, M.A. London: Richard D. Dickinson. 1867.

pressed itself upon the mind of the editor of *Kaivā kai παλαιά, or Things New and Old*. Otherwise he would never have thought of presenting his clerical brethren with old John Spencer's quaint and cumbersome farrago of obsolete learning as a useful auxiliary to their sermons. We should as soon have dreamt of equipping our forces for Abyssinia out of the contents of the United Service Museum. The clerical Secretary of the Bishop of London's Fund might surely have been expected to know better the circumstances of the times and the wants of his brethren. Are the great questions of our day to find a response from these long mute oracles of classic wisdom? Or is the dulness of existing sermons to be enlivened by the dry bones of this antique "storehouse of similes, sentences, allegories, apophthegms, apologues, adages, divine, moral, political, &c., with their several applications, collected and observed from the writings and sayings of the learned in all ages to the present"? Is the scanty physical science which occasionally shows itself in the pulpit to be eked out with snatches from the apocryphal gossip of Aristotle or Pliny or Cosmas Indicopleustes. Are the slumbers of a village flock to be dispelled by aphorisms from Isidorus Pelusiota or "Rheinigius Attissiodorensis," or mythic stories from Cælius Rhodiginus, Johannes Passeratius, or "Mynheer Paw"? Suppose a Ritualistic preacher to wax urgent upon the theme that "Ceremonies of the Church" ought not to be any cause of separation," is he to rebuke the "peevish fancy of many strait-laced Christians who are perpetually falling out about trifles," and throwing themselves into fits of the spleen about small matters of ceremony, and similar things "adiaphorous," by the aid of Pliny's veracious report of hedgehogs that, having "been abroad to provide their store, and returning home laden with nuts and fruit, if the least filbert fall but off, they will in a pettish humour fling down all the rest, and beat the ground for very anger with their bristles." The anti-Ritualist, at all events, in his zeal for restraining the variations and novelties of ceremonial, may no less forcibly retort upon the "danger of introducing useless ceremonies in the Church" by Fuller's old story of the horsehair that, lying nine days in water, turn to snakes. If the trimmer, again, or the worldly wise man, longs for a hint "how the prudent man may lawfully comply with the times," he may take a useful lesson from the "yeale, a certain beast of Ethiopia,"—another pet of Pliny's—who "hath two horns of a cubit long which he can in fight move as he list, either both forward to offend, or both backward to defend, or the one forward and the other backward, to both uses at once." "So should wise men apply the counsels and actions to the times, and either put forth the horns of their power, or pull them in, as occasion offers." For the man of half measures and timid flights there remains the no less authentic example which Peter du Moulin has to tell him of the quail. This sagacious bird, we are assured, "as he flies over the sea, feeling himself begin to be weary, lights by the way into the sea; then lying on one side, he lays one wing upon the water, and holds up the other wing towards heaven; lest he should presume to take too long a flight, he wets one wing; lest he should despair to take a new flight, he keeps the other wing dry." The moral here strikes us as somewhat analogous to the proverbial caution which the godly man is understood to exercise in taking care of his powder. Natural history, if we may trust the *Ornithologia* of Aldrovandus, is equally emphatic as to the maxim that "the contented Christian is always the courageous Christian." Whereas, that is, all other birds make a noise when they are hungry, "the eagle is never heard to make any noise at all, though he be never so much an hungered." He is, in fact, the μεγαλόψυχος of the feathered tribe. "It is from the magnitude of his spirit that he will not be whining and repining as other fowls will when they want their food." Not that the king of birds is altogether above stooping to a certain degree even of diabolical craft on occasions. Thus he can descend to illustrate, by his example, "the devil's aim to strike every man with spiritual blindness. The eagle, before he setteth upon the hart, rolleth himself in the sand, and then flyeth at the stag's head, and by fluttering his wings so dustyeth his eyes that he can see nothing; and so striketh him with his talons where he listeth." As Mercury had to put Argus to sleep before he could kill him, so the devil "filleteth his wings with the dust of earthly desires and sensual pleasures, to fling into the eyes of the faithful Christian." Satan's knack of "suiing himself to all humours" reminds "Jenkin on Jude" of a huntsman or forester "going in green suitable to the leaves of the trees and the grass of the forest, so that by this means the most observant in all the herd never so much as distrusteth him till the arrow sticks in his sides." "The enemy of mankind can dish out his meat for all palates; he hath a last for every shoe." He hath an apple for Eve, a grape for Noah, a change of raiment for Gehazi, a bag for Judas. It is a mercy that lessons and examples can be so readily multiplied in order to put the unwary and self-trustful Christian on his guard against the manifold and rampant lusts of the flesh:—

When the oyster openeth himself to the sun, being tickled with the warmth thereof, then his enemy the crab-fish stealeth behind him and thrusteth in his claw, and will not suffer him to shut again, and so devoureth him. The like is written of the crocodile, that being so strong a serpent as he is, and impregnable, yet when he is gaping to have his teeth picked by the little bird called trochil, his enemy the ichneumon creepeth into his body, and ceaseth not to gnaw upon his entrails till he hath destroyed him. Think upon the urchin and the snail; whilst the urchin keeps himself close in the bottom of a hedge he is either not espied or contemned, but when he creeps forth to suck the cow he is dogged and chopped in. So the snail, when he lies close, with his house on his head, is esteemed for a dead thing, and not looked after; but when, in liquorishness to feed upon the dew that lies upon

the grass or upon the sweetness of the rose-bush, he will be perking abroad, then the gardener findeth and squaseth him. The lesson is, we must not yield to the sweet baits of the flesh, but we must rather mortify our members upon the earth, and ever beware that we seek not our death in the error of our life; otherwise, if we wilfully offer ourselves to be led as an ox to the slaughter, and as a sheep to the shambles, what marvel if we have our throats cut, or be led away captive by Satan at his will!

"The great danger of the least sin" is inculcated by the wise of the serpent, who, "if he can but so wriggle in his tail by an ill thought, he will soon get in his head by a worse action." Let Satan once get possession, and how difficult it is to shake him off cannot well be more forcibly put than in the following pithy though homely figure from Vine's Westminster sermons, which might be hard to parallel by even the best things from the pulpit of the neighbouring Tabernacle of our day in the New Cut:—

Look but upon a rabbit's skin, how well it comes off till it come to the head, and then there is haling and pulling, and much ado before it stirs. So it is that a man may crucify a great many lusts, subdue abundance of imperfections, and may perform many good duties, and all this while come smoothly off; but when it comes once to the head, to the Delilah, the darling, the bosom-beloved sin, then there is a tugging and pulling, great regret, both to depart; but if God have any interest in such a soul he will pull the sin over his ears, and either break his neck or his heart, before that any such sin shall reign in his mortal body or have any dominion over him.

If we are but spared from swallowing these crumbs of ancient wit and wisdom in church, we may hail with pleasure the re-appearance of so characteristic a monument of the literary taste and studies of a bygone day. In his wide and multifarious reading, John Spencer may vie with the writer of the wonderful *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as in his arrangement under headings he reminds us of a class of manuals greatly used and prized by scholars of that day, such as the *Polymemnon* of Magirus and the *Magnum Theatrum Humanae Vitæ* of the industrious Beyerlinck. Of Spencer himself the present editor tells us nothing, perhaps because he found nothing to tell. All we know of him is that he was Librarian of Sion College from 1633 to 1686, with the exception of an interval of six years during which he was displaced through certain squabbles with the Governors, &c. He had previously been a stationer, and clerk to the College. Upon a pittance of twenty pounds a year, he contrived to make himself a liberal contributor of books to the Library, and was at the expense of printing, in the year 1650, a catalogue which he had drawn up of its contents. Beyond that work and the one now resuscitated we are not aware of any other fruits of his industry. He is not to be confounded with his somewhat pugnacious and heterodox contemporary of the same name, the learned Hebraist of Cambridge.

Cawdry's *Treasury or Storehouse of Similes* does not strike us as being half so suggestive, racy, or full of point as its companion mass of patchwork, though it is advertised by the collector with questionable modesty as "both pleasant, delightful, and profitable for all estates of men in general." It made its first appearance as early as the year 1609, and the world would have suffered no loss had it been allowed to rest undisturbed in the limbo of obscurity. The compiler, or author, is not at the same pains as the conscientious writer of *Things New and Old* to give chapter and verse for everything he finds a place for in his repertory of odds and ends. The work, in consequence, has nothing like the same value for the scholar, or for any one whose curiosity may be piqued into following up some particular vein of this out-of-the-way and disused mine of divinity. To get through four hundred pages of platitudes of this monotonous kind can only lie within the powers of one who has swallowed the whole two series of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Indeed, we can hardly better describe Cawdry's dreary string of similitudes than as an anticipation, both in matter and manner, of the great prose threnody of our times. The fond Tupperian worshipper will probably recognise the true twang in such droning iterations upon a single string as the following on the text of Wisdom:—

1. As that vessel can never be filled which always poureth forth and leaketh: so he never can receive wisdom who continually speaketh and at no time hearkeneth.
2. As the ass's colt, which of all other beasts is counted the veriest dullard, yet bringeth more wit and ability to help itself than a young infant: even so, whatsoever wisdom or virtue men have now, they brought it not with them into this world, but have it afterward by the gift and free liberality of God.
3. As the palm-tree spreadeth its boughs and branches so wide, and giveth such pleasant shadows, that Xerxes, the King of Persia, took singular delight to sit under it whole days together: so, likewise, wisdom, coming out of the mouth of the Most High, with heavenly comfort protecteth, recreateth, and defendeth all those that commit themselves under the shadow thereof from all harm and danger.
4. As honey is good, and the honeycomb sweet unto the mouth: so, also, is the knowledge of wisdom unto the soul.
5. As earthly wisdom is corrupted with affections: even so heavenly wisdom is pure, undefiled, and not polluted with affections.
6. As earthly wisdom is desirous of contention: so, contrariwise, heavenly wisdom is peaceable—that is, diligent to make peace and quietness among men.
7. As earthly wisdom is rigorous and cruel: so heavenly wisdom is gentle and giveth place to rigour.
8. As earthly wisdom will yield to no man: so heavenly wisdom is tractable, and doth easily obey him that commandeth those things that be good and right.

A dozen more of the same vapid, unmeaning commonplaces follow under the same head. There are all the endless mechanical repetitions of the kaleidoscope, without one sparkle of its brilliancy. In one instance perhaps the wit of the writer puts forth a melancholy glimmer, but any fun that lurks in it must be drawn forth at his own expense. "As empty vessels make the loudest sound,

no men of least wit are the greatest babblers." To babble so long and loudly as this wearisome simile-maker, the vessel of wit must needs be empty indeed. We can but regret that any editor should have taken a fancy to make the hollow old tub give out its sounds once more. The volume was surely thick and unwieldy enough without the addition of a mass of matter so unconscionably heavy both in a physical and an intellectual sense.

IRISH CHURCH HISTORY.*

MR. FROUDE has recorded in his English History an alleged vision of St. Bridget concerning a certain island in the Western Ocean. It was revealed to her that in that island a larger proportion of the inhabitants would be damned than in any other country of the world on account of their perpetual quarrels. We need hardly say that the vision referred to Ireland, and, whatever may be thought of its authenticity, a very slight acquaintance with the annals of the Emerald Isle will suffice to convince us that it was *ben trovato*. The Irish no doubt have many amiable and generous characteristics, and it is sometimes urged in their defence—not altogether unreasonably—that they have been more sinned against than sinning. Such was unquestionably the case between the sixteenth century and our own, and Mr. Malone does not seem to think matters were much better before. He specially cautions us in his preface against supposing that the period he is describing, between the English invasion and the Reformation, was a time of happiness or harmony; and he adds that, for full three hundred years before the invasion, the Northmen had been as sedulously endeavouring to make the Irish pagans as, for three hundred years after the Reformation (rather a rhetorical way of stating the dates), "the ferocious penal code" was employed to make them Protestants. He is, however, very indignant with Dr. Todd for seeking, in his Life of St. Patrick, to bring discredit on the pre-Reformation Church in Ireland, owing to its connexion with the English Government; while it is "very singular" that that writer says nothing of the complicity of the Protestant Church with State persecution afterwards. We scarcely see how the truth of the latter charge disproves the truth of the former; but at all events Mr. Malone's own account of "the Church of the Pale"—i.e. the Anglo-Irish Church before the Reformation—is quite as little to its credit as anything Dr. Todd has said about it. He tells us expressly that, instead of giving an example of moderation, energy, and zeal, it "only proved itself a fitting instrument in the hands of the State"; that it encouraged wars, and made no attempt to evangelize the native population; and that it was, in fact, "part and parcel of a thoroughly hostile camp in an enemy's country." And to this exclusive spirit he adds, "the Pope, unfortunately, lent his sanction." It would be difficult for the bitterest opponent of the Irish Establishment in our own day to use stronger language in condemning it. We are no more desirous than Mr. Malone to defend the position of that anomalous institution, but his book goes far to confirm what is probably now the prevalent conviction, that the antagonism is more national than religious, and that the fervent Catholicism of the modern Irish has quite as much to do with hatred of England as with love of Rome.

With regard to the famous Bull of Adrian IV. assigning Ireland to Henry II., Mr. Malone, in common with the immense majority of historians, insists on its authenticity, which would never have been called in question on purely critical grounds. He is probably right in thinking that, in the public opinion of the age, the Pope's right to dispose of kingdoms was based rather on the general "power of the keys" inherent in his spiritual office than on the fictitious donation of Constantine. We had occasion not long ago to observe, in noticing a volume of essays edited by Archbishop Manning, that the same opinion is still maintained in all its fulness by the Ultramontane party. There is nothing, therefore, surprising in its acceptance in the twelfth century. Mr. Malone does not accept it himself, if we understand him rightly; but he says that, while there was little to justify the invasion of Ireland, there was much to justify the Pope in issuing the Bull. The state of the Irish Church as to morals and discipline was represented to him as most deplorable, and he looked to England to effect a reform. So far, however, from this being done, our author insists that the English ecclesiastics introduced fresh corruptions. The Irish clergy had before been remarkable for their chastity, but their English brethren were noted for incontinence, and were publicly accused of it at the Synod held in Dublin in 1186, under the English Archbishop Comyn. They retaliated by charging the Irish clergy with drunkenness, and the Bishop of Ferns, being asked what he thought of the discourse of Gerald Barry, tutor to Prince John, who had made the charge, said "he was strongly tempted to fly in his face." The Irish of that day were not wholly unlike those we are acquainted with. Mr. Malone takes occasion from this dispute to make a long digression on the existence of the rule of celibacy in the Irish Church, which has been called in question, it seems, partly on the authority of a canon ascribed to St. Patrick which speaks of priests' wives, partly on other grounds. Mr. Malone replies, in effect, that it is unnatural to suppose that the Irish Church was not under the same rule as the rest of

Western Christendom; that the canon may be spurious or interpolated; that, if genuine, it refers to wives married by the clergy before ordination, and who had afterwards become nuns (a wildly improbable suggestion); and lastly, that when we read of married Bishops, Archdeacons, or Priors, we must understand laymen who enjoyed the benefice without being in orders. This last abuse does appear to have been not uncommon. "Many churches through Ireland," says a contemporary writer, "have a lay abbot." And the see of Armagh for two hundred years was held by one family, passing from father to son through fifteen generations. There is something in this no doubt, but it does not meet the case as completely as Mr. Malone supposes, considering the overwhelming evidence there is elsewhere for the continued prevalence of a system of clerical concubinage, or marriage, whichever we may choose to call it, not perhaps strictly authorized but tacitly connived at. Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of St. David's, writing within a century of the death of Gregory VII., who first made these marriages invalid, speaks of concubinage as all but universal among the Welsh clergy; and he quotes a saying of the famous Chancellor of Paris, Peter Manducator, in a public lecture before the university, that the devil had never inflicted a greater wound on the Church than by the law of Gregory VII. A century earlier, the Milanese clergy, with the Archbishop at their head, were publicly married, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Peter Damiani, acting under Papal authority, put a stop to the practice. It would not be at all wonderful, therefore, if a similar custom, whether or not dignified with the name of marriage, had prevailed before the time of Gregory in a community so notoriously irregular and anomalous in its discipline as the Irish Church. The fact is that, while from the time of Pope Siricius, at the end of the fourth century, celibacy had been the recognised rule of the Western Church, there had been comparatively few periods or places where its observance had not been practically the exception. That this was so even in the fifteenth century there is abundant testimony in the proceedings of both provincial and general councils. We have dwelt on this point, because it illustrates what seems to us the main drawback to the merits of Mr. Malone's volume. He has evidently taken pains to get up his subject, and if the style of the book is dry and the subject itself uninviting, it contains within short compass a considerable amount of useful information. Nor do we see any reason for questioning the honesty of his professed intention to tell his story "as a narrator rather than as a panegyrist." But he does not manifest any such general acquaintance with the broader facts and problems of ecclesiastical history as is requisite for a full appreciation of the bearings of any particular section of it. In a history of Ireland this would not matter so much, but it is a serious defect in a history of the Irish Church.

Our author stops short at the commencement of the Reformation, and does not therefore enter on the question of the continuity of the Irish Episcopate before and since the separation from Rome, which has been so warmly debated of late. But he gives us in his preface a sketch of the recent advance of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, which is interesting in many ways. Those who see nothing but evil in all religious establishments will probably regard the large sums spent on spiritual purposes in an unendowed and till lately an oppressed Church, as a further argument in favour of the voluntary principle. To us it seems rather to indicate that those who out of the depth of their poverty have done so much for themselves may fairly expect something to be done for them by the nation which supports, for a small minority, a wealthy Church to which they do not belong. At all events it is satisfactory to find an Irish Roman Catholic asserting that finer prospects than the present have not opened for a thousand years on his Church, and that a noble career lies before it. The contrast between its condition now and at the beginning of the century is certainly striking, especially in the matter of education, though it may not improbably supply Dr. Cumming with the text of a fresh jeremiad. Those who are really and rationally interested in the welfare of Ireland, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants, will not be sorry to have this statement put before them:—

Outside towns, in the beginning of the present century, there was scarcely any other than a thatched house for worship. Since then there have been expended on churches over 1,061,215*l.*; on convents, 3,198,627*l.*; on colleges and seminaries, 309,018*l.*; and over 147,135*l.* on asylums and hospitals. Some 300,000*l.* have been expended on schools, managed solely by Catholics; 40,000*l.* have been raised for throwing up a Catholic University. Since the year 1838, 149,124*l.* have been contributed for the Propagation of the Faith. Aid of a nobler character has been imparted to the Foreign Missions. The united dioceses of Cashel and Emly, during sixty years, have sent forth "conquering and to conquer" 143 priests, 33 monks, and 147 nuns; while 122 priests, 11 monks, and 87 nuns can be put down to the credit of Limerick alone. All Hallows College has sent out 400 priests since the year 1842. Instead of one Christian Brother, there are now 195 in Ireland, imparting a solid and really national education to youth. At one time there had been no superior schools for girls; now there are 51. There are also 2,990 schools, built solely and managed by Catholics; 6 colleges, directed by the worthy members of the Company of Jesus. There has been a considerable increase in the number of the secular clergy; while in 117 convents there are 650 regulars. Finally, notwithstanding the efforts of proselytism, of wasting fever, and exhausting enforced emigration, 77.7 per cent. of the population is Catholic.

The reference to new churches reminds us that in one respect Mr. Malone allows the English invasion to have conferred benefit on his country. It was not till then that ecclesiastical buildings of any architectural pretensions were erected; even the cathedral of Armagh was but sixty feet in length. But the Anglo-Normans introduced Gothic, which, though modified in some degree by the

* *Church History of Ireland; from the Invasion of the English in 1169, to the Beginning of the Reformation in 1532.* By Sylvester Malone, C.C., M.R.I.A. Dublin: J. Duffy. 1867.

special genius of the people, became naturalized in all its successive varieties among them. There were at the time of the suppression 537 religious houses in Ireland. Of these twenty-two belonged to the Knights Hospitallars of Jerusalem, including several formerly occupied by the Templars, who there, as elsewhere, had been summarily suppressed at the beginning of the fourteenth century by an iniquitous mockery of judicial proceedings. It is a fair illustration of the sort of frivolous accusations made and freely admitted against them that, in their trial at Dublin, one witness was allowed to depose that "at the elevation of the host they looked on the ground," while a charge of heresy had actually been brought against the Irish in a Papal Bull on the opposite ground that they raised their eyes at the elevation! But all historical critics are agreed by this time on the real nature of that scandalous transaction, though some doubt may still exist as to the precise apportionment of blame among the different potentates, civil and ecclesiastical, who took part in it. One curious chapter of Mr. Malone's book is devoted to a description of "St. Patrick's Purgatory," the legendary scene of which was on an island of Lough Derg, in the south of Donegal. The first to descend into it was a knight named Owen, in the reign of King Stephen. Of his ghostly adventures there, as chronicled by Henry of Salty in 1153, we have an elaborate narrative, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:—

He was left alone; but before long a most stunning noise was heard. He fancied, if all the trees of the forest were dashed at once against each other and all the Cyclopean rocks of the earth shivered by one simultaneous shock, and this amid the loudest thunder, that nothing in point of deafening noise in comparison would have been produced. Awful figures appeared before the knight. They exhibited the most sickening contortions of body. They welcomed him to a place where, they said, his sins deserved to bring him. They prepared a bed of blazing pitch for him. But he remembered the prayer of the ecclesiastic in the dim hall, and as he uttered it the spirits fled. On their disappearance another group of evil spirits appeared. They led the knight to a country of intense cold and savage wildness. There he heard the cry, and saw the tortures of an infinite number of both men and women. And this was the first field of punishment.

THE DIALECT OF BANFFSHIRE.*

COLLECTIONS of this sort are never thoroughly satisfactory, and yet one is sure always to learn something from them. Every gatherer of local phrases and local pronunciations is sure to put in a good many which are in no way peculiar to the district of which he speaks, but which sometimes are simply archaic, sometimes are common to this or that shire with many others. In looking through Mr. Gregor's collection of Banffshire words, our first questions or cavils are, How many, if any, of these are absolutely peculiar to Banffshire? And of those which are not, over how large a part of Scotland, or of all Britain, can they be traced? Mr. Gregor would probably answer, and answer with truth, that his business lies with Banffshire, and not with any other part of the island; that he puts down whatever strikes him as worthy of notice in Banffshire, whatever departs in any way from the commonly received language, and that he leaves it to others to say whether what he finds in Banffshire may not also be found somewhere else. So he would probably say with regard to the utter absence of all attempt at philological explanation of the various words and forms in his list. His business, he may fairly say, is to gather together facts, and that he leaves others to philosophize about them. The task of the local inquirer, thus defined, is certainly rather a humble one; but when done carefully and accurately, as it seems to be done by Mr. Gregor, it is, if humble, distinctly useful.

Scottish geography is to most Englishmen so mysterious a subject that we confess that we prepared ourselves for examining Mr. Gregor's pamphlet by a certain study of Banffshire on the map. It is an odd-shaped county, whose form seems to have been partly determined by the River Spey, which acts partially as its boundary to the north-west. It is a long straggling shire, between Aberdeen and Moray, with its portion of coast to the north, and stretching inland in a strange way to the south-west, its breadth being very small in proportion to its length. It lies in the land of those whom Professor Cosmo Innes determines to be the Northern Picts. Historically it is memorable as the part of Scotland which witnessed the last struggle between Malcolm and Lulach the successor of Macbeth. Whether the final battle took place within the limits of modern Banffshire we do not profess to know. It took place in Strathbolgie, but it is clear from Mr. Innes' maps that the boundaries of Strathbolgie have, like most other boundaries, varied at different times. Mr. Gregor tells us that in Banffshire both "Scotch" and Gaelic are spoken. "By 'Scotch,'" he of course means English, not anything Scottish as opposed to Pictish. His whole pamphlet is devoted to the elucidation of an English dialect.

In such a country English is palpably an intruder. A glance at the map shows that in the inland part of the shire the nomenclature is thoroughly Gaelic, while a good many English names are to be found as we get near the coast. Through all this region there is a sort of Teutonic rim along the coast fringing a Celtic upland. We use the vague word Teutonic, because the country was open to two distinct Teutonic influences, and we do not take upon ourselves to rule the exact extent of each. We do not profess to point out the exact spot where the Anglian and Danish influence

spreading up from Lothian may have marched upon the Norwegian influence spreading down from Orkney. But Anglian, Danish, Norwegian, Teutonic of any kind, are all evidently intruders; the land is essentially Celtic. Yet it is a case, not of colonization strictly so called, but of gradual spreading. English has, for eight hundred years, been slowly making its way north of the Forth, just as it has, for a longer time, been slowly making its way west of the Axe. The philological results of such a process are different from those of sudden conquest or colonization where a strange language is brought bodily, as it were, into a country. When a language is reduced to the estate of a "creeping climber," it really takes much firmer hold, it becomes much more thoroughly native, and can more readily develop and change and assume real dialectic forms according to the general laws of language. A native Irishman, though he may speak no language but English, is still, in a certain sense, speaking a foreign language. A Devonshire man, and no doubt a Banffshire man too, speaks his own form of English in as perfectly natural a way as if he lived in Hampshire or Lothian.

Gaelic seems now to survive in Banffshire only in the southern part of the county, that which is furthest removed from the sea. The English-speaking district presents, like Ionia, four distinct forms of speech, four *χαρακτῆρες γλώσσας*, in so small a space. Mr. Gregor marks out the limits of each with such praiseworthy care that we begin to wish for a special Petermann or, while we are about it, a special Spruner, to give us a complete linguistic map of Banffshire. Every one who has thoroughly examined the local speech of any district is familiar with this sort of phenomenon. If we take any district, say a county, the careful observer will undoubtedly be struck with the fact that many of what are commonly thought to be its local peculiarities are really common to it with several other shires. But, on the other hand, minute observation will reveal the further fact that, as there are many dialects within one language, there are again many of what we may call sub-dialects within each dialect. A careful examination will probably find within any district of equal size as many diversities of speech as Mr. Gregor's observant ear has detected in Banffshire.

Let us try some of the peculiarities spoken of by Mr. Gregor:—

One case of the change of consonants is worthy of notice. In parts of the lower district, and among some of the fishing population, *dd* is always used for *th* followed by *er*, as *fadder* for *father*, *mudder* for *mother*, *brudder* for *brother*, *widder* for *weather*.

Is Mr. Gregor quite sure about *brudder*? We could hope that he has been hastily led into the belief that those who say *fadder* and *mudder* must say *brudder*. A philologist knows that those who say *fadder* and *mudder* should be the people of all others to say, not *brudder*, but *brother*. *Fader*, *Móder*, *Weder*, *Vater*, *Mutter*, *Wetter*, but *Bróther*, *Bruder*, all strictly according to Grimm's Law. In saying *fadder*, *mudder*, *widder*, the Banffshire fishermen are simply keeping up (doubtless without knowing it) the true English sound and spelling which lasted down to the sixteenth century. If they do say *brudder*, they must have been somehow misled by a false analogy.

About the sounds of vowels we hear:—

The lower district is distinguished from the middle by a somewhat softer pronunciation and a slight lengthening of some of the vowels. Thus *bees* is pronounced *bees* in the lower district, and in the middle assumes the sound of *behn*, *eh* having the sound of *eh* in the German *sehr*; *stone* is pronounced *steen* in the lower, and *stehn* in the middle.

What was the true pronunciation of the Old English *ð*, the Scandinavian *ei*, so commonly represented in modern English by *o*—*Stán*, *stein*, *stone*? We see that *stone*, *stain*, *steen*, are all existing pronunciations. *Steening* a road is a common process in the West of England, and here the same sound of the vowel turns up in distant Banffshire. But does *stahn*, the most natural way to pronounce *stán*, occur anywhere?

For *wh*, it seems, the good folk of Banffshire say *f*, *fahn* for *when*. The sound of *wh*, or more properly *hw*, seems to be a hard one for many people to catch. Half the country makes no difference between *white* (*hwit*) the colour, and *Wight* (*Wilt*) the island. On the other hand some, like the Irish, are apt to exaggerate the sound, and say something like *fhu*. The Banffshire *f* seems like a vestige of some such pronunciation as this. So again Mr. Gregor tells us that in Banffshire *v* and *w* are confounded. If the Banffshire folk really say *vail* for *vail*, we have nothing to do but to wonder, but of *v* for *w* the only examples given by Mr. Gregor are in words beginning with *wr*, *wratch* for *wretch*, *wrong* for *wrong*. If the usage is confined to words of this sort, it seems to us to be a vestige of the elder pronunciation. We sound *wrong* simply as *rong*, but it must have been really sounded *wrong* sometime or other; *wrong* seems to come naturally as an intermediate form. The *v* would then be analogous to our endless shifts for expressing the lost gutturals of *h* and *g*. Foreigners reproach us with the impossibility of knowing how to sound *ough* in any English word—say the town of Loughborough (Luhamburh?) as the strongest case of all. They are all only desperate attempts at representing the lost sound, while we have no doubt that at Banffshire they can still sound quite rightly.

It may sound an odd question, but is anything of a direct French influence possible in any part of Banffshire? This is suggested to us by a single remark of Mr. Gregor's:—

This fishing population—particularly that of the villages on the west portion of the coast—is distinguished by accenting the words on the last syllable, using a circumflex, throwing the ictus on the last word of the sentence, and lengthening the vowels. For example, *comrade* becomes *comarâde*, *comradeship* becomes *comarâdrie*, *dog* becomes *doîg*.

* *The Dialect of Banffshire: with a Glossary of Words not in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary.* By the Rev. Walter Gregor. London: Published for the Philological Society by Asher & Co. 1866.

We should feel more certain if Mr. Gregor had given us some other example of this circumflex accent on the last syllable than what at first sight seems to be simply a case of a French word keeping something like its French pronunciation. The question of accents on the last syllable is hardly illustrated by a word like *dog*; where the last syllable is also the first.

Looking through the Glossary, one is now and then charmed with some of the Banffshire words. "*Aff-pit*, a person who procreminates," and "*aff-pittan*, the act of procremination," are worthy of a place in the Ayenbite of Inwit. But we must protest against a little theological touch in the same page. "*Aff-brack*, a schism; as 'The Free-kirk's an *aff-brack* fæ [fræ?] the Aul' Kirk." Does *aff-brack* necessarily mean schism? The word schism, in technical ecclesiastical language, always means a guilty separation. Like "rebellion," it is a word with a dye, and that a black dye. But "*aff-brack*" strikes us as being, like "revolt," a colourless word, expressing the fact of separation, as "revolt," expresses the fact of resistance to authority, but without binding the speaker to any opinion as to its being right or wrong in the particular case. "*Bulliegrubs*," it seems, is Banffshire for "a colic." Now "*nulliegrubs*" is a word which, though perhaps not often written, is often heard out of Banffshire. Does the Banffshire form imply not only a colic on the part of the sufferer, but also a cold on the part of the original speaker? There is in East-Anglia a surname Bultitude, which, it has always struck us, must be accounted for in somewhat the like way. Surely the parent or godparent of the first Bultitude, like the mother of the patriarch Gad, meant some such sentiment as "a troop cometh." She would have called him "Multitude," but, as she chanced to have a cold, the name became "Bultitude" instead. But why is a mock sun called a "Dog" or "more frequently *sin-dog*?" Why is an infant or a child's doll a "*Doo*" with the diminutive "*doeie*?" But there is something delightful in a bit of seafaring speech in the same page:—

DOG-FORE-HIS-MAISTER, n. the roll or swell of the sea that often precedes a storm. The *dog-ahin's-maister*, the swell after the storm has ceased.

That a "Roadman" should mean "one employed in making and repairing roads" does not seem wonderful; only it suggests the question why "Highwayman" should have such a different meaning? Why should not a "Highwayman" mean a Waywarden, whether *ex officio* or elected? We have actually seen the word used as a professional description by a "roadman" in the Banffshire sense.

But the glory of the Banffshire speech lies after all in its diminutives. We should not have thought it possible that any human dialect could have worked out so elaborate a system. Let Mr. Gregor do justice to his own theme:—

If there is any point more than another that distinguishes the dialect, it is the use of diminutives. A diminutive of the first degree is formed by adding *ie* to the noun; as of the second degree by adding *ih*; and of the third degree by adding *ih*, as *beast*, *beastie*, *beastih*, *beastie*. The idea of diminution is carried still farther by the adjective *wee*, by doubling the *wee*, as *wee wee*, and by adding yet again *little*, as *little wee*, *little wee wee*. Diminution is expressed by the word *bit* always used in the construct state, as *a bit beastie*, and by the word *nyaff*, as a *nyaff o' a nannie*, a *nyaff o' a doggie*. In this mode of indicating diminution there is a slight ground of contempt. The adjectives *wee*, *wee wee*, *little wee*, *little wee wee*, are often added to the words *bit* and *nyaff*. Thus the word *horse* in all its various forms of diminution:—

horse, *wee horse*, *wee wee horse*, *little wee horse*.
horsie, *wee horsie*, *wee wee horsie*, *little wee horsie*.
horsik, *wee horsik*, *wee wee horsik*, *little wee horsik*.
horsikie, *wee horsikie*, *wee wee horsikie*, *little wee horsikie*.
little wee wee horse.
little wee wee horsie.
little wee wee horsik.
little wee wee horsikie.

At times *wee* is repeated thrice, and with the addition of *little*, the third *wee* being strongly emphasized, as *little wee wee wee horsikie*.

The words *bit* and *nyaff* may receive *wee* and *little* and *zma'* (small) as qualifying them, and may be employed with the first, second, and third forms of diminutives, as a *little wee bit horsikie*, a *wee wee bit nyaff o' a doggie*.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.*

THE interest of this novel depends on the effective contrast of characters clearly conceived and legitimately developed without any of those startling surprises and *tour de force* which are the stock in trade of ordinary writers of fiction. It is refreshing for once to travel through three volumes in the company of persons who are neither shot, nor drowned, nor thrown down steep places, nor smashed in excursion trains, but who—with a single exception—are allowed to live on in fair prospect of attaining to the threescore and ten years allotted to mankind by Providence. It is equally refreshing to find that the author takes no audacious liberties with their minds any more than their bodies. The Ethiopian does not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. The roaming and ambitious political schemer does not settle down into quiet domesticity; the honest Chartist does not become a Tory, though a high-bred lady has nursed him through a long fever; the commonplace matron does not blossom into a genius; nor does the high-spirited girl wither into an ascetic. The author has understood that natures develop, but seldom change; that instead of special features of character being obliterated, they become more and more strongly marked as years move on; that

likes and dislikes, tastes and distastes, loves and hatreds, grow stronger and stronger so long as life lasts; that, in short, development is health, conversion disease. The persons introduced to us, though all widely different from each other, are yet none of them of an exceptional or abnormal type; they are men and women whom we have met in life before, and whom we shall assuredly meet again; and they have this much in common, that all the men are essentially masculine, and all the women essentially feminine. The chief contrast is in the characters of Ralph Lennan and Walter Warton. These two have started in the race of life on about equal terms as to want of money and possession of considerable abilities. But Lennan is a worker, Warton is an adventurer. Warton takes to politics without any sincere convictions, but as a means to an end. He is a Radical as long as it seems likely that anything can be got out of Radicalism; and he becomes a Tory as soon as he discovers that the Carlton Club will welcome a convert from Radicalism with open arms. He is gifted with eloquence and social accomplishments, but is wholly devoid of sincerity, because in reality wholly indifferent to the subjects on which he discourses so ably. He follows politics for the sake of what they will do for him, not for what he can do for them. Like many men at the present day—and perhaps their numbers will be before long considerably augmented—he hungers for a seat in Parliament as an escape from less glorious work, as a passport into society above his present reach, as a probable door to posts of profit. So he shifts his opinions as the chances vary for or against him, and, having been a prominent leader of Chartists, we find him at the opening of the story an accepted retainer of the Tories. Ralph Lennan, on the other hand, has made his own way in the world, with his hands as well as with his head. Trained in the rugged school of Australian life, he has achieved a moderate fortune by the sweat of his own brow; and he is represented to us as the practical man in opposition to the theorist. He has no particular views either about religion or politics, but he has a keen sense of humbug, and hates it; a generous sympathy for suffering, and relieves it; a just appreciation of honest workers, and works with them; a manly love for beauty, and pays homage to it. There are two female characters equally well contrasted. The first is Warton's wife. She is pretty, sleepy, wonderfully good, and wonderfully stupid. We have scarcely ever realized before what an infinitesimally small quantity of brains is required to make a perfectly moral person. Mabel Warton has no wicked thoughts, because she never thinks at all. She has no inordinate desire, except to go to sleep at all times and seasons. She has learned the Creed and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and she has never forgotten the marriage service, more especially that part of it about loving, honouring, and obeying. She believes her husband to be the greatest genius in the world—because she cannot understand a word that he says. She dotes on him in an unmeaning cumbersome fashion, pities him for being compelled to travel so constantly about the country—he would travel to Jerusalem if he could to avoid her tiresome caresses—and has a vague idea that there is a general conspiracy to prevent him from becoming Prime Minister. For any assistance to him in his aims and endeavours she is absolutely useless. Warton describes her in one word—a sugar-plum; and men cannot live on sugar-plums. Here she is, a little more in detail:—

Especially, she was grateful to any one who managed her children for her; because, though they were fond of her, she was not of the least importance to them. She could do nothing for them; she had never done anything for them except to bring them into the world, and even that was accomplished so passively and languidly that her own life was nigh to fading out altogether during the performance. So long as they were washed and dressed and amused by somebody she was content. Even her religious devotion, which was her deepest feeling save one, did not get much beyond the careful inculcation of the words of the Lord's Prayer, and a persistent ordinance that whether the little ones, as they parroted its sublime words, were broad awake and giggling, or half asleep and nodding—whether it were recited to herself or to her niece, or to the nursery-maid or to the nursery-maid's sister—it must always be said on bended knees and with folded hands formally uplifted. It would be cruel indeed to accuse a woman like Mrs. Warton of want of faith in the omnipotence of God; yet it is doubtful whether she believed that He could hear the prayer of a worshipper, even an infant worshipper, who addressed Him in any save a kneeling posture.

The contrast between this simple-minded matron and Myra Alwyn is startling. There is nothing unfeminine in either, but they are made in different moulds. Myra Alwyn is the young wife of the clergyman of the parish in which Lennan takes up his residence after his return to England—of the parish also which is often visited by Warton in the course of his political expeditions. She is pretty, *spirituelle*, a perfect lady, a zealous Churchwoman, a good Christian, indefatigable in parish labours, fearless of dangers, full of life and energy, made to be loved, and requiring love. Her husband is twenty years older than herself, but their union is surpassingly happy. They esteem and admire each other; their affections are warm towards each other; but they are the affections of two dear friends linked together for life, not of two lovers joined by love alone. And with all her happiness Myra still feels a void. There is a bliss, of her capacity for which she is conscious, but which she has never yet experienced. She was born to be a lover, and she has never been one. But the time for trial comes. A flood devastates the village and is followed by a fever, and Lennan and Mrs. Alwyn, separated hitherto through her repugnance to his openly avowed latitudinarianism, find themselves thrown together in missions of mercy and charity. Her strength of will, readiness of resource, unweariness of spirits, and contempt

* *The Waterdale Neighbours*. By the Author of "Paul Massie." 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1867.

of danger, attract and earn his warmest admiration; his simple heroism, perfect self-denial, and high-minded manliness speedily exalt him in her eyes as a hero—alas! as the hero of whom she has been so long dreaming. He has no thought towards her but friendship, but her thoughts are thoughts of love. And she knows it. A true woman, she makes no attempt to conceal from herself what is the truth. A strong woman, she prepares to suffer by herself the punishment for her own mischance. To lock her secret in her own breast, not weakly to seclude herself, but to meet as before in all friendliness, and to put the bridle of restraint on her feelings—these are hard things for a man to do, far harder for a woman. She has had the bliss, for even the consciousness of loving is bliss, and the sweet must be followed by the bitter. Yet not till she knows that Lennon loves another—scarcely till Lennon takes his bride from the altar—does she feel secure from her own nature. Nothing can be truer than this study of female character. The sins of women are sins of weakness. Their resolutions, their dispositions, are good, but they have not power to carry them into effect. They do wrong, not from love of wrong, but from inability to do right. Euripides—too hastily esteemed a misogynist—gives all credit to the natural desire of women for good, but he never gives them credit for power to keep their good resolutions in face of adversity, injury, or neglect. Medea loves her children, and has a heart for her husband; but the sense of her own wrongs swallows up every other feeling. Phædra is full of shame for her guilty passion, but has no power to resist it. Weakness, not the love of crime, leads her into crime. But it is by no means unnatural to suppose that there are female natures, rare though they may be, in which the power that resists evil is greater than the weakness that turns away from good; in which the force that would sweep away virtuous resolutions is met by a greater force which sustains them. And of such a nature is Myra Alwyn.

We cannot offer any sketch of the story of the *Waterdale Neighbours*, because, as we have said, the merit of the book consists in the delineations of character, and the author has expended all his labour on these, and has linked his creations together by the merest outline of a tale. But we may mention that Warton, who is deeply in debt, and of whom the Tories are getting just a little tired, goes down to canvass a borough in the neighbourhood of Waterdale. The way has been made smooth for him as far as local influence could smooth it, and as it is hinted to him that if he fails here further aid will not be forthcoming from the chiefs and great council of the party, he is prepared to fight the battle with increased pertinacity. Unfortunately Lennon's faithful servant and factotum, who is a stern Chartist, had known Warton in the days of his youthful Radicalism, and has the most profound contempt for his sudden conversion to Conservative opinions. This man, Tom Berry by name—and his character is as well and as consistently drawn as any other in the book—regards Warton as a huge humbug, and, having influence with the working-men of the borough of Northlingen, determines to give him a warm reception on his arrival. Accordingly, no sooner have the words—"I only ask of you, my fellow-Englishmen, that hearing which is not denied to the meanest criminal that ever quailed before the eye of justice"—been uttered, than a chorus of hissings, hootings, and groanings arises, and is strenuously maintained till Warton is driven off the field. His mission was to reconcile Radicalism and Toryism, to prove that the two were not inimical to each other; but the working-men of Northlingen regard any such alliance as worth no more than was the reconciliation between Herod and Pilate; and more than that, they regard the man who proposes it as an arrant turncoat. Defeated and disgraced here—and his last chance of relieving himself from debts and difficulties vanished—Warton, like a desperate gamester, makes one more throw wilder than all. He is passionately smitten with Mrs. Alwyn. His own wife he regards of as little use as the figurehead of a ship; but what could not a man do with such a fellow-worker, such a helpmate, such a good genius as Myra Alwyn? She has pitied him and sympathized with him in his hard struggles; and he dares to dream that mixed with that pity there may be some feeling a little more tender. He ventures to tell her of his love, and she spurns him with scorn. Driven to despair, he adds insult to his unholy protestations of affection. She looks round for help, and at the moment Lennon comes into sight. But how can she claim his protection, of all men in the world? She feels as if the wrong she was suffering is no greater than the wrong she had been guilty of herself. How, then, could she call for punishment on her persecutor? Warton sees her confusion, and profits by it. From bad to worse. Disappointed and disgraced himself, he yet longs to disgrace Lennon and Myra also. He follows them about, he dogs their movements, and at last, deluded into the idea that he has seen them under the same roof locked in a lovers' embrace, he flies to her husband and denounces them. Immediate refutation of the calumny follows, and, baffled and degraded in every possible way, this discreditable adventurer succumbs to a fit of apoplexy—which, after all his exertions, he really has fairly earned—and dies in the street. Six months afterwards Lennon marries Mrs. Warton's niece, and we think that the parting conversation between him and Mrs. Warton is a wonderful stroke of art:—

"You will be happy, Grace, my dear," she said, "for you are marrying the best of men, except my own dear Walter. Ah! Ralph, you will not forget him—your old friend? You knew him since he was a boy. Did you ever know so good and pure a man?"

Ralph was staggered by this sad homethrust, and he would have evaded reply if he could. But Mabel looked wonderingly, and almost impatiently at him, and pressed her question:

"Did you, Ralph, ever know any one—any man, I mean—so good and pure as my poor Walter?"

Ralph stooped down, kissed her, and said in a low tone,

"Never, Mabel; never!"

This was the first, and let us hope the last, falsehood ever told by Ralph Lennon. Under the circumstances, perhaps he may be forgiven.

PLATONIS CONVIVIVUM.*

A DEEP-SEATED conviction that deaneries and cathedral stalls could never have been meant for rewards of such critical acumen as sifts the wheat of Plato from the chaff of his copyists is nowise inconsistent with a keen sense of the loss sustained by scholarship in this country on the departure of Dr. Badham for his Australian professorship. Less able critics have sat, and may sit again, in the chairs of Porson and of Elmsley; and, whatever the emoluments of the appointment at Sydney conferred on so eminent a scholar, it is impossible not to regret that some congenial and fitting office could not have retained his learning to the credit of the Mother-country. Any one who has read Dr. Badham's *Philebus*, *Euthydemus*, and *Laches*, and, most recently, his edition of the *Banquet* of Plato, must have come to the conclusion that there was no need to despair of English scholarship so long as it could couple the name of so acute a Greek scholar with those of Thompson and Munro, Linwood and Conington. Unfortunately, the above-named works are not of a character to attract wide notice, or to win the ready praise of skimmers of the sea of literature, resting, as they do, their chance of appreciation upon the possession of solid excellences which are discoverable only by those who dip deep and read from end to end. But the result of an honest perusal of any of Dr. Badham's editions cannot fail to be a conviction that he has done wonders towards restoring sound and intelligible texts, and has removed for ever a host of difficulties from the path of students.

And certainly if a Platonic dialogue could be picked out which was pre-eminently worthy, either for its own sake or on the score of the sufferings it has undergone at the hands of bungling scribes, to attract the corrective attention of Dr. Badham, that dialogue is the *Symposium*. Its subject, Love or Eros in the widest sense, is one the contemplation of which—if we can away with the dark streak with which the corrupted imagination of heathenism marred an otherwise perfect image—is calculated to raise the whole man to the highest and most ennobling aims. Love and admiration rising step by step from personal to mental, and from individual to general, beauty, until at last it mounts to the contemplation of the ideal, is what we take Plato to enforce and work out, both by precept and example, in the panegyrics of Socrates on Eros, and of Alcibiades on Socrates. The other guests at Agathon's banquet are evidently introduced to make talk. According to their several characters and professions they broach definitions, distinctions, and characteristics of Eros in which philosophic, medical, comic, or dithyrambic elements predominate. It is when Socrates takes his turn, and, drawing, professedly from the revelations of the Mantinean prophetess Diotima, a picture of the noblest, the philosophic Eros, elevates the communion of minds over that of bodies by urging the immortality of the offspring of the former, and declares it to be the province of the true Eros "to generate in the beautiful," that we forget we are in heathen company, and are sensible of rays of true and divine light illuminating the hall of Agathon. The chapters where Socrates discourses would alone suffice to enlist readers and admirers for this dialogue; but the artifice by which the theories of the philosopher are shown to be identical with his practice, in the "in-vino-variety" testimony of the brilliant ne'er-do-well Alcibiades, is particularly happy and skilful, and adds, more than any other of its accessories, to the dramatic character of the dialogue. And this very dramatic character is perhaps even more attractive than the philosophic. Attention, that would flag if arguments succeeded one another in unrelieved sequence, is retained more or less, in all of Plato's Dialogues, by something of a plot or dramatic interest; but the scenery and surroundings of the *Banquet* are unusually striking, and the characteristic glimpses of Socrates and Alcibiades help to complete a picture that is fitted to arrest many readers by no means addicted to philosophical disquisitions. It is "as good as a play" to watch Socrates cogitating in a neighbouring portico, when he should be taking his seat in his friend's banquet-hall; to listen to his playful repartees to the compliments and reproaches of Alcibiades; to witness his acceptance of that worthy's challenge to drain a four-quart wine-cooler, and the steadiness of head which enabled him to sit out his fellow toppers through the night, and go off at sunrise, first to his bath and then to his colloquies at the Lyceum, with a quantum of wine in his skin to which the feats of "three-bottle men" among our grandfathers were a puny joke. By the way, this exploit of Socrates seems to have been attempted in vain by a German professor, Daniel Heinsius, who, though by no means behind Socrates in potations overnight, was sometimes so much the worse for them in the morning that he had to affix this notice to the door of his lecture-room:—"Daniel Heinsius non leget hodie propter hesternam crapulam." Perhaps the Athenian teacher owed his superior strength of head to the bodily training and athletics of the palestra. Little dramatic touches, it is needless to say, enliven the arguments of the other guests. Aristophanes is prevented by hiccup from taking his proper turn, and the doctor, Eryximachus, pro-

* *Platonis Convivium, cum Epistolâ ad Thompsonum, edidit Carolus Badham. Londini et Edinæ: apud Williams et Norgate. 1866*

scribes for him the alternative recipes of holding his breath, gorging, and sneezing. The drunken reveller, Alcibiades, reels into the banquet supported by a dancing-girl, but afterwards, though his condition is made to serve as an excuse for the freedom of his revelations, carries his liquor not much less steadily than his master. And this way of presenting philosophy in lively and dramatic guise has doubtless conducted to win and retain a large proportion of readers for Plato's Dialogues. But the great service done to them by the form in which their author has clothed them is often in danger of being counteracted by the imperfections and corruptions of the text. The most industrious and persevering of ordinary scholars could scarcely be blamed if they gave way before the discouragement of finding passages after passage where text and gloss, sense and nonsense, are jumbled up together in indiscriminate chance-medley. And as such passages occur in almost every page, the peculiar scholarship of Dr. Badham and men of his calibre finds congenial occupation in restoring them to at least approximate soundness, as he has done again and again in his edition of the *Symposium*.

This work of restoration has been carried out by exterminating what is superfluous; by divining from clues or hints in the text lost words essential to the sense of particular clauses; and by emending passages which are unintelligible through having the wrong instead of the right word occupying a place in the text. A sample or two of Dr. Badham's application of these processes may draw attention to his work, even if they fail, without the aid of the context, to do justice to his acute manipulation. We will first give a specimen of his excisions. In the 7th chapter, Phædrus, discoursing of the love of Alcæstis, says that the Gods so highly approved of devotion such as hers—*ὥςτε πολλὰν πολλὰ καὶ καλὰ ἰργασμένων ἐναρμόθους δὴ τισιν ἴδωσαν τοῦτο γίγναι οἱ θεοί, ἡ δὲ Ἀἰδὼν ἀνέκλειν πάλιν τὴν ψυχὴν, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἰκτίνης ἀνίσταν ἀγαπῶντες [τῷ ἔργῳ, οὕτω καὶ θεοί] τὴν περὶ τὸν ἔργα πρὸς τὴν τε καὶ ἀρετὴν [μάλιστα τιμῶσιν]*. Here, if we omit the brackets, the passage will represent the text of the older editions, and it cannot fail to impress us with its wordiness and needless repetitions. It had been proposed, before Dr. Badham's time, to strike out *τῷ ἔργῳ*, because *ἀγαθαὶ* with a dative has no parallel in Plato; but the present editor proposes a more effectual clearance, and, by leaving out the words enclosed in brackets, rids the passage of tautology, and causes it to run smoothly. The older text might be rendered in English as follows:—"So that though many had done nobly, to only an easily-reckoned number did the Gods grant this privilege, of letting go again their spirits from Hades; but hers they did so let go, because they admired her act; and so also the Gods especially admire devotion and excellence in Love." If, however, we follow Dr. Badham, we are enabled to give the philosopher credit for his usual terseness and perspicuity, as the passage will then run thus:—"But hers they did so let go, because they admired her earnestness and excellence in the matter of love." *Ἀγαθαὶ* will thus be linked to its proper case, and the sentence rid of its superfluities. In Agathon's pænetric (c. 19) the early editions make him say of Eros that he is *ἐν πόνῳ ἐν φόβῳ ἐν πόθῳ ἐν λόγῳ κυβερνήτης, ἐπιβάτης, παραστάτης, καὶ σωτὴρ ἀριστος*, where a glance will show that *ἐπιβάτης* is an interpolation. Of this passage Dr. Badham (Ep. Crit. ad Senat. Lugd. p. xxi.) says that the sentence is meant to be so constructed that there may be an antithesis of particulars, and not merely a general correspondence. *Παραστάτης* finds its match in *ἐν πόνῳ*, and *σωτὴρ* in *ἐν φόβῳ*. He looks, therefore, for some words to match *κυβερνήτης*, and finds them in *ἐν πλῶ*, which he supposes to have been omitted in the MS., and then supplied in the margin, where the letters *πλ*, with *ω* written above, were mistaken by copyists for abbreviations of *πόθος* and *λόγος*. But *πόθος* and *λόγος* are inopportune, for the former is equivalent to Eros, and the latter has nothing to do with him. When, however, they were foisted into the text, it naturally struck the bunglers to whom they owed their intrusion that there were thus four words, instead of three, to be matched in antithesis. What was to be done? Another word must be found to come after *κυβερνήτης*. Who more likely to be near the *pilot* than the *passenger*? So they jumped at *ἐπιβάτης* to be coupled with *κυβερνήτης*. Instead of this lumbering inconsecutive sentence, Dr. Badham restores the passage, so that it stands out a very model of neat reconstruction, *ἐν πλῶ, ἐν πόνῳ, ἐν φόβῳ κυβερνήτης, παραστάτης, σωτὴρ ἀριστος*. We can scarcely remember any emended passage bearing upon its face such indubitable marks of soundness.

Once more. When Alcibiades is describing how indifferent to eating and drinking Socrates showed himself in the expedition to Potidea, and yet what capacity for indulgence he manifested when it was forced upon him (c. 35), the text, as it stood until Dr. Badham dealt with it, runs thus—*ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ τῷ αὐτῷ ὁμόως ἀπολαύων οἷός τ' ἦν τὰ ἄλλα, καὶ πίνων οἷος ἰδιῶτα, ὅσοι ἀναγκασιῶσι, πάντας ἐκράτει*; or, as the Latin translation has it—"In epulis vicissim solus frui sciebat, præsertim bibere haud averse, quando coquebatur, omnes superabat." This latter version is itself enough to lead to some attempts to disencumber the text. And the attempt of Dr. Badham is as successful as it is simple. He strikes out *οἷός τ' ἦν*, when the passage may be construed, "And again, in our feasts, though he of all others did not care to indulge in other respects, and especially in drinking, yet when driven to it he used to outvie us all." This gives a more characteristic trait of him whom the speaker is praising than the text did before the omission of *οἷός τ' ἦν*.

Amongst Dr. Badham's happiest hits in the way of supplying a word to make sense of a passage, we may refer to his suggestion of the verb *ψίγειν* to make sense of a passage *τὸ οὖν τοιούτων . . . εὖ λέγειν Φαίδρος* in the 5th chapter. In the 9th chapter he adds to the clause *οὐ γὰρ, οἶμαι, συμφέρει τοῖς ἀρχοῖσι φρονήματα μεγάλα ἐγγίσθαι τῶν ἀρχομένων*, the precise word without which its construction is imperfect, in supplying *ψυχαῖς* after *ἀρχομένων*; and a little further on, in chapter 10, he furnishes an excellent sample of his skill at constructing the right word out of some palpably wrong one, when, in discussing the inopportune of the word *φιλοσοφίας* in the old reading *φιλοσοφίας τὰ μέγιστα καρποῖτ' ἂν ἐνδείη*, he suggests that the embarrassing word may be a corruption of *ἐλπίδος ἐφθίης*, which would apply exactly. In chapters 23 and 24 the substitutions of *μαγείαν* for *μαντείαν* in one passage, where *μαντικὴ* had just preceded, and of *ὁ μεγιστός τε καὶ ὁλος ἔρως* for *ὁ, μ. τ. κ. ὁλοῦς ἔρως* in the other, are so neat and to the point that they at once command acceptance.

We have said nothing of the critical epistle to the Master of Trinity, because it opens a perfectly distinct field, the *De Legibus*. But what has been brought forward to illustrate Dr. Badham's treatment of the *Symposium* will have sufficed to show his high rank among the pioneers of sound knowledge in ancient literature. The function of those who rid Greek and Latin texts of bungling repetitions, and of brushwood fit only for the burning, may indeed be a limited one; and, for ourselves, we think that the greatest service that could now be rendered to the Dialogues of Plato generally, and to the *Convivium* in particular, would be an edition with clear marginal summaries, and lucid, succinct explanations of the argument. This would be a step towards making Plato as attractive as he deserves to be. Many students to whom Plato is comparatively little known would dip deep into him if he were edited, not merely critically, as by Dr. Badham, but with such an apparatus of summaries, arguments, and notes as English scholars can furnish, when they gird themselves to the task, as efficiently and concisely as the best of the Germans. Yet it is only due to Dr. Badham to add that any such edition must be immensely indebted to his previous breaking up and clearing of the ground, and we sincerely hope that he may live for many years to confer similar boons upon scholars, in the Old World as well as in the New.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. I.

WE ought this year at least to have no difficulties about the great principles of classification. Have we not been to Paris, and did not Paris teach us once and for ever how to arrange and pigeon-hole all things, human and divine? If the recent Great Exhibition did nothing else, it ought to have settled for ever the difficult problem of the art of division, logical, technological, and moral. At least so it claimed to do; whether entire success attended the French solution of the great riddle of scientific arrangement of everything is another matter. To us much meditating, as Lord Brougham would say, on the principle by which we might try to organize a catalogue of our usual confused and tangled mass of Christmas Books, our Parisian experiences were naturally invoked. We regret to say without much result. It has happened to us now, as it most likely happened to everybody who went to Paris this year, that we had got hold of a very admirable clue to the labyrinth, if we could but keep hold of it. But in fact it was always breaking, or, as fishermen say, the line was constantly kinking. The fact is, we cannot group our materials. We tried the division according to subjects; what experts call a class catalogue. But the multifarious character of the Christmas Books defies any relegation to subjects; besides, what is to be done with those pretty little abnormal creations which are irreducible to genus and species, and which have no subject—what are mere shadows and echoes, unsubstantial, vague, and impalpable? Then take them according to publishers; but if a publisher is so omnigenous, or even multitudinous, as the Messrs. Cassell, ranging from the *Bible* and *Dante*, that is, from eight guinea folios, down to sixpenny handbooks, then merely to recite the Ludgate Hill publications is only to go through an encyclopædia of matter. After all, a classification of books only looks scientific—at least such is often the case. The principle of arrangement is often, if not usually, purely arbitrary. An instance occurred lately of a collector whose especial craze was to be master of all the books of which the authors chose to conceal themselves under asterisks. Only to collect anonymous books, only to collect pseudonymous books, only to collect books initiated by their authors, was the *motif* of this eccentric collector of specimens. His shelves were only to contain *Sermons by A. C. . . .* or *Poems by F. . . .* He collected according to an asterisk, and in his meditations on this profound subject he came to the conclusion that asterisking authors abounded more in France than in England, and further, he seems to have suspected that this recondite fact pointed to some generic difference in national character. It seems, then, that a canon of arrangement may frequently produce the very confusion which it pretends to avoid. So we give it up; and just as the Christmas Books come tumbling in confusedly and irregularly like the fall of autumn leaves, so they must be described.

It is, in fact, only by a total defiance of order that they can be reviewed. To describe chaos by the laws of nature, and according to the rules of chemistry and established cosmical affinities, would be absurd. So, judging small things by great, any conspectus which affected to be orderly of the glaring omnigenous mass of splendours and prettinesses, successes and failures, ambitions

and pretensions, glories and follies which make up the inconsistent mass of Christmas literature, would be false and misleading. We take them as they come, good, bad, and indifferent. In one respect, and that not an unimportant one, there arises a certain sense of disappointment in looking over such a collection as this of our annual English books. They suggest the inquiry, What is the final cause and intention of much of this sort of publication? One thing is clear, that it is not to publish books that are to be read; and from this follows the conclusion that there are other purposes of a book than to be read. We once knew a very sentimental person who had such a deep and awful sense of religion—at least so he used to say—that he never went to church or said his prayers because he found religion to be so very solemn and impressive that to use it was too much for him. So it begins to be with some books and authors. We reverence them so highly that they are too bright and good for human nature's daily food. The dignity of a recognised classic now is that it shall not be thumbed, or turned over or pored and pondered upon; but be set up as a fetish—to be worshipped with awe and silence and reverential adoration. This is of course a high compliment to great authors. To have acquired the dignity of a folio and to be illustrated by Doré, and to be shut up for ever sacred from profane and common uses, is the crown of glory for a writer. But with buyers this result is only a glorified form of the feeling which in most small families concludes that it is the right thing to have a family Bible in a green-baize cover on the parlour-table, and to be satisfied with the fact. Illustrated books are a sort of genteel furniture, and they display much of the same sort of otiose worship of the genteel proprieties which keeps up the conventional best bed-room, but never asks a guest to stay in the house.

This is not exactly true of the sumptuous and elaborate Bible, published by Messrs. Cassell, and illustrated by Doré. The Holy Bible has that privilege of dignity which entitles it to receive all that art and excellence can give of honour and beauty, and the present edition takes very high rank. It would be perhaps not difficult to enumerate the legitimate points of criticism which might be urged against the execution of this great work. But we must say first, as to the mechanical part, that the print and paper leave nothing to be excepted against. Indeed, it is not praise too high to say that in the long list of illustrations of the Sacred Text this volume holds a high place, and as the work of a single artist, it stands alone. Of course it is obvious to say that merely to design two hundred and thirty-eight studies from Scripture is more than a life's work, while here we have what must have been executed in some twelve months, and this with about a dozen other authors to illustrate; and therefore to remark that Doré is unequal, and now and then careless, is mere surface talk. Doré's facility—we had almost described his inventive powers by the analogy of another function, and spoken of his volubility—is what no other artist ever possessed. It is most probable that the grotesque, or rather that nice stage in which the sublime verges upon the humorous, may be his particular excellence; but in recalling the wonderful and enormous range of his fancy and powers we are disposed not to insist on this character. We believe him to be a most conscientious and honest artist; whence he gets all his facts, or rather how he has time to get at them, is the mystery. If you look through his accessories, you see his intimate acquaintance with Botticelli and Layard and Rosellini. If you compare him with the great cyclops of Christian art, you are convinced that no school is unfamiliar to him, and that he knows, even when he varies from it, the conventional treatment of the Gospel incidents. Look through the scenery depicted in his various works, and you cannot divest yourself of the conclusion that he must have been personally studying the Cornish coast, a Floridian forest, the ruins of Central America, or the walls of Jerusalem. He is an artist so various that he seems to be the epitome, not only of all art, but of a good deal of archaeology, landscape, and scientific topography and history. Judging from his works, he must have done nothing but travel, nothing but read, nothing but study galleries and museums. He is in almost every department of knowledge and art quite on a level with those who in any department have had their specialities. This we may say for his facts. But above and beyond this he has vast powers of invention and composition. He is not only a laborious reproducer of actual details and costume, but possesses immense powers of invention, and an exuberance of fancy at once playful, deep, and serious. He can draw the figure, and with delicacy and truth, when he gives himself up to it. But his most successful manner is when he deals with solemn depths of forest, mighty expanses of mere and flood, shaggy cliffs, and broken torrents. What he most fails in—and this, of course, applies more especially to his Bible studies—is reverence. Self-reliance in an artist so prolific and sustained we must look for, and reticence is impossible in such a temper. Had he done less, Doré would have been perhaps more lovable, but not so admirable. The wood-cutting in this Cassell's Bible does not affect prettiness or delicacy; but there is a broad effect which sometimes approaches to a master's power. But we are not quite so sure that the illustrations might not have received more care in the printing. Very careful press-work for wood-cuts brings out absolute variations in tint. The effect of the series is, as to colour, rather monotonous, and even printer's ink need not be monotonous. Blacks are susceptible of variety in tone. The enterprising publishers are to be congratulated on this work, which is destined to reflect lasting credit on their spirit and taste.

Whether *Atala* (Cassell, and illustrated by Doré) is a reprint of

a French edition we are not aware. We should hardly think that English publishers with a keen appreciation of what suits the English market would have given a commission to M. Doré for this work. Chateaubriand is—there is no mincing the matter—an intolerable bore. He does not want genius, nor a sense of the picturesque, nor elegance, nor eloquence. But with all this he is a bore. He has pathos, but it is tedious pathos; a sense of the poetry of landscape, but it is tiresome. Of all affected and unnatural writers Chateaubriand is the most affected and unnatural. His Indians and savages and their divine talk are not of this earth, nor of flesh and blood; but probably they represent the sort of humanity with which a Frenchman of large sentiment and a fine flow of words would have clothed the Revolution been the creator of heaven and earth. And yet Chateaubriand had genius, and a kind of taste; but no manner of sense. Here we have a very splendid setting of his famous *Atala*, and Doré is quite at home and evidently takes to that terrible tribe of Muscogulges and the Sachems of the Simondas, and all those sentimental folks who are so dear to the *jeunes personnes*, and what is left of amiability and decorum in young female France. We have our doubts whether René or the Natchez ever presented any attractions even to our most high-flown boarding-school misses in England. But at any rate this is an *édition de luxe*, and the gorgeous, elaborate, and fantastic prose of Chateaubriand, strutting in full dress and court costume, is very well reflected in this extremely handsome volume.

But there is no reason why folios and Doré should engross all our praises; the honest muse rises, or rather stoops, to the lesser lords of Christmas. *Lucile*, by Owen Meredith (Chapman and Hall), is illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier. This is not a new poem, but, being illustrated by a new artist, is at once new and old. It is enough to say that *Lucile*, as an experiment in altogether a fresh style, as unfamiliar to the author as to the present fashion of poetry and fiction, being a novel in verse, was not a success on its first publication, and will scarcely command popularity in this ambitious republication. Anstey's metre and a modern story are difficult conditions for poetry to attain a success with; and it is now superfluous to say anything about Owen Meredith's poem, of some six or seven years' standing. Mr. Du Maurier, as we believe, is new in the list of book illustrators; and he has this great virtue, that he has not fallen into the tricks of the craft. Unless we are mistaken in the pencil, we recognise in these illustrations the art of a remarkable and characteristic illustrator in *Punch*, whose domestic scenes and pleasant pictorial epigrams, recognisable by a clear touch and somewhat sombre tints, always mark themselves out. Mr. Du Maurier, if he has a master, follows Millais, as in vigour so in a keen appreciation of the homely, not to say ugly, in art. He never condescends to mere prettiness and trick. If he occasionally gave a thought to the beautiful, it would be as well. But in days of mere emaculated smoothness, a sensible plain reaction to the *domestica facta*, and simple straightforward drawing, has its value; and in Mr. Du Maurier's sharp, incisive style we have a wholesome contrast to the smudge of the *Fa presto* school of book illustrators.

Original Poems, illustrated (Routledge). What is meant by "original" we are not aware. The very first verses in the collection—

Little Ann and her mother were walking one day—
are a good fifty years old; and we certainly "spotted," as school-boys say, some other "poems" of the same venerable antiquity. However, whether new or old, or modern antiques, is of no great consequence; here are verses for children, all good, and all inculcating the best and most proper moralities of kindness and sympathy with nature, flowers and trees, and "dumb animals," and poor folk, as well as proper lessons on the sins of gluttony and idleness. The artists are for the most part strangers; but their vignettes are always pleasing and sometimes vigorous, though perhaps over neat in execution.

Last Rambles among the Indians (Low), illustrated by George Catlin. Here we feel that we are on firm ground. Whether Doré ever was in India, or the New Jerusalem, or over saw Nineveh, may be reasonably questioned; but Mr. Catlin among the Red Indians is quite as much at home, and as much to be depended upon for fidelity in costume and savage life, as Mr. Sala or Mr. Yates can be reckoned upon as an unquestionable authority upon the manners, morals, and life of Cockney land. Here we have no sentiment, and consequently no ideas and no theorizing. But Mr. Catlin simply draws and describes his own experiences; and in either case, with pen and pencil, he is truthful, and most interesting. He wrote a book once—a most eccentric and original one, which has already attained rank among literary "curios"—on the duty of breathing through the nostrils instead of the mouth; and though he is not so amusing in the present little volume, he is, as usual, instructive and accurate. We like Mr. Catlin, and anything that he writes and draws.

Baron Munchausen (Tegg). When a book becomes a classic—or a chap-book, which is much the same—every publisher has his edition. Last year Doré's *Munchausen* was the book of the season. Mr. Tegg goes on quite a different tack. In this volume we have, unless we are mistaken, reprints from the old ancestral copper-plates of some half century old. The result is curious and somewhat incongruous; the costumes, manners, and art—and very odd art too—of the Munchausen known to the childhood of those who are now elderly men; and the letter-press very fine and modern indeed. As everybody knows, Munchausen owes much to

Lesson; and perhaps it is not out of character that there should be a trace of mystification even about a reprint of this most typical of his. However it is a good working edition, and does not make more pretensions than it fulfils.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN our present list of American publications are included two works relating to the Confederate war—one emanating from a Northern, one apparently from a Southern, source—each in its way excellent, and both distinguished by a candid and generous spirit too commonly “conspicuous by its absence” in American accounts of the great civil conflict. Mr. Swinton’s volume* is strongly Northern in tone, and the author shows his bias by claiming for his section the victory in several battles which, whatever their ultimate results, certainly terminated for the moment in favour of the South; yet he frankly acknowledges not only the valour and devotion of the Confederate soldiery, and the skill of their generals, but also the full persuasion of the justice of their cause which animated the whole Southern people, and the conscientious patriotism and unhesitating self-sacrifice of their military leaders. In no other Northern history, so far as we can remember, have we met with any passage displaying so cordial and honourable an appreciation of the quality of the defeated enemy as the words which Mr. Swinton uses in describing the effect of the battle of Gettysburg on the subsequent course of the war:—

The thirty thousand put hors de combat at Gettysburg were the very flower and élite of that incomparable Southern infantry which, tempered by two years of battle and habituated to victory, equalled any soldiers that ever followed the eagles to conquest.

If we cannot say much for the style of this sentence, the temper which it evinces is such as to entitle Mr. Swinton to a respect and confidence which we cannot extend to the assertions or the comments of any other works on the Federal side. And indeed the only serious fault we can find with his narrative is a disposition to under-estimate the immense disproportion of numbers which, in nearly every great battle of the war, rendered the task of the Confederates so difficult, the chance of defeat so serious, and victory, when achieved, at once so glorious and so often fruitless. It is to this disparity of force that we must chiefly ascribe that peculiar feature of the war which is brought into strong relief by the construction of Mr. Swinton’s work—namely, the fact that the battles which he ranks as decisive were in several cases either indecisive, so far as success on the field was concerned, or were Northern defeats; while the position in which they left the contending armies gave to the Federals all the advantages which, in a more equal contest, could have been secured by a brilliant victory. At Antietam, at Shiloh, at Murfreesborough, the Confederates gained all the honours of victory. In the first, they beat back an assailing Federal army of double their own force; in the second, they crushed the enemy with whom they were first engaged, and would have destroyed him utterly but for the arrival of an entirely fresh army, before which they withdrew at leisure, and in perfect order; the third left them masters of the field; and yet in each case the issue of the campaign was altogether adverse, if not absolutely disastrous, to the South. The Confederates were never strong enough to press an advantage—never in such a situation that anything short of the total rout of the enemy would have availed them. Mr. Swinton’s view of the comparative importance and consequences of the different battles of the war is, on the whole, we are inclined to think, a just one; though we may doubt whether the battle of the Wilderness should have been included, or the capture of New Orleans omitted from the list. In his judgment, the victory of the South at Manassas, or Bull Run, was decisive of the duration of the war; if beaten there, the South would, he considers, have been speedily conquered. He omits to consider whether the Federal army would not have proved almost as unable as the Confederate to secure the fruits of victory; the troops on either side being equally raw and inexperienced. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that this first great battle did materially affect the course of the war. It gave the South time to collect her armies and prepare for systematic defence; and it led the North to entrust the duty of training and organizing a large regular force to a general particularly competent for the task. In his account of the battle itself, Mr. Swinton brings out clearly some important points not always distinctly understood—the original intention of Beauregard to take the offensive, and the consequent arrangement of his troops in a manner disadvantageous for concentrated resistance to the attack which was actually made where it was not expected; the early successes of the Federals, and the bravery they displayed in the onset; and the final decision of the issue by the flank attack of General Kirby Smith with the army of the Shenandoah. He also makes it clear that General Beauregard could not have pushed his victory without extreme danger, as his troops were disorganized, and McDowell had in reserve a large force that had never been engaged. The next move of the Federal forces was made in the West; and here again Mr. Swinton brings out very distinctly the nature of the Confederate plan of defence, and its overthrow by the disaster of Fort Donelson; the enforced retreat of the South-western army; and the failure of the bold attempt to recover their lost ground by the offen-

sive movement on Shiloh. In the subsequent year another attempt was made by General Bragg, whose onward march forced the enemy to abandon Tennessee and Northern Alabama, and was only checked by the indecisive battle of Murfreesborough. In each case the Confederates were on the offensive; it was necessary for their success to drive away the hostile army; and as they failed to do this their victories were virtual defeats. Mr. Swinton takes no notice of the great victories of the army of Virginia on the Chickahominy and at Manassas in 1862, and at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville in 1862-63; considering the campaigns to have been decided at Antietam and at Gettysburg respectively, where the Confederates were thwarted in their endeavour to transfer the war to Northern soil. All that their triumphs in Virginia achieved was to prevent the intended siege of the capital. In the final campaigns of Grant and Sherman, the battles of Atlanta and Nashville virtually decided the fate of the West; the first laying open Georgia and the Carolinas, the next destroying the main Western army; though the fatal results of the former were rather due to Hood’s ill-advised march into Tennessee than to Sherman’s actual successes. In the Virginian campaign there was no decisive battle; and that of the Wilderness was only one of a series of engagements of which slaughter was the sole object and result, the aim of Grant being, not to force his way, but to wear out the Southern army at any cost to his own—a policy which was completely successful. The final battle of Five Forks only put the seal to a work which was really accomplished during the months of comparative inactivity before Richmond and Petersburg. Mr. Swinton shows distinctly that Lee did not surrender till the last moment; and that, if he had not done so, his army, already surrounded by overwhelming forces, must have been cut to pieces within a few hours. The history of the campaign of Vicksburg, which forms as it were a separate episode in the general sketch of the war which this volume affords, is not its least valuable portion; and it shows very forcibly the wisdom of General Johnston’s order to abandon the fortress, and the ruinous disaster entailed by Pemberton’s obstinate resistance after the fleet had once forced the passage.

The other work to which we have referred contains short military biographies of the principal Southern commanders, under the somewhat inaccurate title of *Lee and his Generals*.* Some of the officers whose careers are here recorded never came under Lee’s command at all, having fallen before his appointment, during the last months of the war, to the command-in-chief of all the Southern armies; and others had no real connexion with him. Generals Joseph Johnston, Sydney Johnston, Bragg, Polk, Morgan, and Hardee never served under Lee’s command; nor did Cooper, the Adjutant-General. Apart from this error, the biographies are well selected and interesting, the list embracing nearly all the most conspicuous heroes of the Confederacy. It is noticeable that, while very few Northern generals of high rank were even wounded during the war, out of this list of seventeen Southern commanders in the field no fewer than five were killed—Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, Sydney Johnston, Polk, and Morgan; Ewell and Hood were maimed; Longstreet (whose reckless exposure of his person excited great uneasiness among his officers), so wounded as to be, we understand, crippled for life; and Joseph Johnston severely wounded at Seven Pines. Most of the Confederate generals were men who had distinguished themselves in the Federal service. Lee, at that time a Captain of Engineers, and Beauregard, with McClellan, were the most valued of General Scott’s junior assistants in the Mexican campaign, and were among the officers summoned to attend his councils of war; Jackson won honour and promotion by distinguished skill and bravery in the field; Joseph Johnston was noted as a brave and able officer, both in the Florida and Mexican wars, and in both was severely wounded; Cooper, Longstreet, Bragg, Ewell, Sydney Johnston, Price, and Hardee all won distinction and promotion in Mexico. Stuart was too young to have seen service in that, the only regular war in which the United States had been engaged during the present generation; and he, with Wado Hampton, his successor in the cavalry command (who alone of the principal Southern commanders had neither the education nor the experience of a soldier), owed his first promotion in the Confederate service to the favour of his men. Thus the Southern armies were commanded throughout the war by men of military science and experience—a fact to be attributed in great measure to the military temper of the Southerners, causing them to send many of their most promising youth to West Point, and leading those who had been educated there to remain in the service; while many of the Northern cadets were inferior men, and others, after a brief service, quitted the army for civil life—as both McClellan and Grant had done. It is also worthy of observation that, among the eighteen generals whose lives are here recorded, seven, including the two principal and most trusted commanders-in-chief, were Virginians—Lee, J. Johnston, Jackson, Ewell, Stuart, A. P. Hill, and Price; two, Longstreet and Hampton, belonged to South Carolina; three were Kentuckians by birth, of whom two had settled in Texas; North Carolina furnished two; Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana one each; while General Cooper alone was of Northern birth. Thus Virginia gave to the South not only the flower of its army, but, with two or three exceptions, all its best generals; those of South Carolina standing next in reputation. It will be observed by every reader of these biographies that the generals who were foremost in the field, and most resolute in defence of their country

* *The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War; a History of the Eastern and Western Campaigns, in Relation to the Actions that decided their Issue.* By William Swinton, Author of “Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.” New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

* *Lee and his Generals.* By Captain Wm. P. Snow. New York: Richardson & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

while hope remained, have been most earnest in recommending a loyal acceptance of the decision pronounced by the fortune of war. Considering how greatly her sufferings would have been aggravated by a contrary policy, and how sore must have been the sacrifice of pride and personal dignity, it may be doubted whether the conquered South is not even more indebted than was the militant Confederacy to the counsels and example of Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, and Hampton.

The Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture* affords an interesting example of a peculiarity of American administration to which we have had frequent occasion to direct attention—the care with which valuable information on all practical subjects is collected by official departments, and the assumption by Government of duties which in this country are either left undone or imperfectly performed by the volunteer agency of scientific societies. The Commissioner of Agriculture has few, if any, administrative duties; his business is to inquire, to experiment, and to report. His Report, and those of subordinate officials and volunteer assistants which are appended to it, are written with a freedom unknown in our own blue-books, the nearest approach to it being probably in the Reports of the Secretaries of Legation on the trade and manufactures of the countries to which they are respectively accredited. Mr. Isaac Newton, the Commissioner, takes occasion to show that his ideas on economical questions are nowise in advance of those of the majority of his countrymen; and a correspondent forwards a long and not uninteresting paper on the value and destruction of forests, which is printed among the other contents of the volume. There are, under the control of the Commissioner, a model farm and garden, in which every new variety of grain, fruit, and vegetables is experimentally cultivated, and its peculiar merits and defects, together with the conditions most favourable to its culture, practically ascertained; and the several superintendents report, through Mr. Newton, the results of their year's work. There is also a chemist attached to the department, who furnishes some useful analyses of soils and mineral ores. The statistician has collected a mass of figures in relation to every branch of agricultural industry, seemingly very complete, but not quite so well arranged or so clearly digested as might be wished. We even find information as to the average prices of beef in the wholesale market of New York during a series of years; the highest price being 8d. per lb., which is considered as wholly unprecedented, though equal only to about 6d. in coin. In brief, the reader will find in this volume a great variety of most important practical, scientific, and statistical information respecting American agriculture; while, if he sought to obtain anything like the same knowledge of English agriculture, he would be forced to search for it through the pages of a number of scientific journals, proceedings of learned societies, and articles in class magazines; and, after all, would probably fail to obtain one-half of what he sought. Perhaps few public departments make so ample a return for the outlay upon them as that which is charged with the duty of annually informing the people of the United States of all that concerns the progress of their principal industry. The only serious fault we can find with the Report is that it seems to be a year behindhand.

The Ninth Annual Report of the New York Chamber of Commerce†, on the other hand, comes down to the end of May last. It contains, of course, a record of the formal proceedings of the Chamber, which has no general interest, and a report of the speeches made at a banquet given in honour of the Atlantic Telegraph, which, at this distance of time, even readers most tolerant of after-dinner eloquence will hardly think deserving of the ample space and large type devoted to them. But the Reports of Special Committees which form an appendix to the volume are of real value. We have here the views of the mercantile community of New York upon various interesting questions of policy and finance; such as the taxation of the culture of cotton, the repeal of the Usury Laws, the payment of the Federal debt in coin or in currency, and so forth; as well as on the condition of some of the principal branches of national or local commerce. The short and succinct protest against the cotton tax, which is to be found in the earlier part of the volume, is especially interesting as setting forth the opinions of men familiar with the subject upon the prospects of cotton cultivation in the South, the rivalry of India, and the effect of an excise duty in encouraging the foreign competitors of the cotton-planting States. The writers observe that the old confidence in the "kingship" of American cotton still influences the minds of the Legislature and the people, though the conditions which formerly justified it have been materially altered; and while they seem to believe that American producers can and ultimately will manage to provide something like a full crop at prices which will compete successfully with India, they warn their countrymen that the South no longer enjoys such a superiority as might enable her to defy competition when weighted with a special taxation of 2d. (5 cents) per lb. A still more valuable Report is that on the introduction of labour and capital into the Southern States. Such Reports as these have this peculiar value, that they present us with the views of a class almost unrepresented at the polling-booth and in the press, and enable us to see

how far the wealthy men of business who form the only aristocracy of the Northern States differ in political temper and opinion from the democracy, and to what extent their tone and mode of political thought resembles that of the same class in England.

"John Bull and Brother Jonathan"—a satire composed on the same plan as that admirable little *jeu d'esprit* of Macaulay, "The Lawsuit between the Parishes of St. Denis and St. George-in-the-Water," but as inferior in neatness as it is more elaborate and long-drawn—was originally published just after the outbreak of the war in 1812. It is of course bitterly unfair—what satire is not?—but it is less malignant, less unjust, less full of vanity and spread-eagles than the serious utterances of American writers and speakers on the relations, past and present, between the two countries. It is hardly more malicious than is necessary to make it readable; and Jonathan and his wife (Congress) come in for their share of smart raps.

"The Code of Procedure"‡ of New York State is contained in a little volume that may easily be carried in the waistcoat pocket of the lawyer who has occasion to use it, and may be read and understood without much difficulty by those whose eyesight is still good enough to decipher their daily newspaper. It will, no doubt, provoke some envy among English law students, if not among the full-blown lawyers who profit by the absence of any such intelligible and simple body of rules in our own Courts.

We have on our list three volumes of poetry, or at least of verse, of which the largest and most ambitious is an "epic," entitled *Visions of Paradise*§, and dedicated by the author to his deceased wife. It is written in blank verse, or what the writer mistakes for such, he being one of those numerous authors who conceive that any series of words capable of division into lines of ten syllables, accented on the last of each pair, fulfils the requirements of the Miltonic metre. The poetry is worthy of the prosody. Mr. Holland's *Kathrina*§ is decidedly better than this, though, like it, overburdened with disquisitions meant to be philosophical, and certainly failing to be poetry. The third volume, by Charles Warren Stoddard||, proves its author to be possessed of a certain vein of poetry, if not of the higher kind; and his short lyrics are more likely to find readers and admirers than the epic or didactic effusions of his two compeers.

We find among the works before us a number of American schoolbooks, of which the most important is a treatise on Greek Moods and Tenses¶, by Dr. Goodwin. There are also two works, on Composition**, and Belles-Lettres††, which evince the existence in American schools of what is almost unknown in ours—the study of the English language and English literature. As yet, however, we cannot say that Americans display any superiority over us in the practical mastery of either. To the same class belongs an essay on Mental and Social Culture‡‡, by Dr. Loomis, President of a considerable "Female" College.

The *Bishop's Son*§§ is a specimen of a class of books of which as a rule, only the best examples find currency in England—novels by American authors, dealing with modes of life and thought distinctively American, and on that account possessing for us an interest apart from their general merits. Three volumes on the religious teachings of Judaism are translated from the German of Isaac Leiser, teacher in a Jewish school at Frankfort. The first, *Instruction in the Mosaic Religion*|||, is a sort of higher catechism for the use of school-teachers and other instructors of Jewish children. The "Discourses"¶¶ are in fact Jewish sermons, setting forth from a Hebrew point of view the thoughts of a religious man on many of the questions which are common to every creed.

* *The Bulls and the Jonathans; comprising John Bull and Brother Jonathan, and John Bull in America.* By James K. Paulding. Edited by William T. Paulding. 1 vol. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

† *The Code of Procedure of the State of New York, as Amended by the Legislature by an Act passed April 25, 1867.* (Transcript Edition.) Third Edition. New York: Diossy & Cockeroff. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

‡ *Visions of Paradise.* An Epic. By David N. Lord. New York: David N. Lord. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

§ *Kathrina: her Life and Mine, in a Poem.* By J. G. Holland, Author of "Bitter-Sweet." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

|| *Poems.* By Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

¶ *Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb.* By William W. Goodwin, Ph.D., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Third Edition, revised. Cambridge: Lever & Francis. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

** *The Elements of Composition, Belles-Lettres, and Oratory.* By Augustus Layres. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

†† *Belles-Lettres.* By Augustus Layres, Professor of various Languages, Rhetoric, and Sciences. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡‡ *Mental and Social Culture: a Text-Book for Schools and Academies.* By Lafayette C. Loomis, A.M., M.D., President of Wheeling Female College. New York: T. W. Schermerhorn & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

§§ *The Bishop's Son.* A Novel. By Alice Carey. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

||| *Instruction in the Mosaic Religion.* Translated from the German of the late J. Johnson, Teacher of an Israelitish School at Frankfort on the Main. By Isaac Leiser. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author, by Jones & Thacher. 5627. London: Trübner & Co.

¶¶ *Discourses on the Jewish Religion.* By Isaac Leiser. Philadelphia: Printed for the Author, by Sherman & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the Year 1865.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

† *Ninth Annual Report of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, for the Year 1866-67.* In Two Parts. New York: John N. Amerman. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

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